

THE MONTH

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THE MONTH

VOL. CLXX

DECEMBER, 1937

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EDITORIAL COMMENTS

Habemus Cardinalem!

THE news that our Holy Father has been pleased to nominate the Archbishop of Westminster as one of the prelates to be raised to the high dignity of the Cardinalate at the Consistory on the 13th of this month, has aroused a universal feeling of joy and satisfaction in the hearts, not only of his immediate flock but of all the members of the Catholic Church throughout the Commonwealth, and, we venture to say, of not a few who are not of the Faith. For this great ecclesiastical dignity has its civil aspects as well, and the descendants of those that burnt Cardinal Wiseman in effigy have since learnt from his successors better to appreciate what the principedom of the Universal Church means. Past tradition and a sense of the fitness of things have created amongst us a natural expectation that the occupant of the central See of the British Commonwealth should be ultimately thus honoured. On the other hand, Westminster is not one of the "Cardinalitial" Sees, appointment to which customarily carries with it, sooner or later, the Red Hat, so the honour conferred on its Archbishop is the greater as being more personal, a recognition of eminent services rendered by him to the Church. As far, then, as these dignities go by merit, we in whose midst our Archbishop has worked for the past two years and eight months, know how aptly the choice of the Holy Father meets his Grace's deserts, for during that short period he has accomplished much and projected more for the progress of the Faith in England.

The Cardinal's Aims and Achievements

THIS country, since the re-establishment of the hierarchy, has had five Cardinals ruling the See of Westminster, and it is remarkable how in the last there seem to meet the salient characteristics of the other four. Like Wiseman, he has been intimately connected with the ecclesiastical

life of Rome; like Manning, he has espoused with ardour the cause of the worker and the poor; like Vaughan, he has identified himself with the progress of the Foreign Missions; like Bourne, he has deeply at heart the fortunes of Catholic education. Yet none of these important interests has diminished in the least his pastoral zeal for his immediate flock in whose service he is always ready to spend himself without stint. And all this at an age when men in the world generally look for a large, if not complete, cessation of active work, and with strength inevitably impaired by labours in the tropics. As Lord Cardinal, he will not, we know, allow his lofty position to limit his fatherly interest in his spiritual charges or to lessen his accessibility to the many who seek his help. All the more earnestly, let us hope, will his children pray, as his clergy pray in the beautiful language of the Liturgy—"May he take stand, O Lord, upon Thy strength and feed thereon to the uplifting of Thy Name." We need his support especially in the aim which he has pursued from the beginning of his rule—the promotion of Catholic Unity on the basis of a Faith which permeates all departments of life and a charity which transcends all social and political differences.

Forms of Government

IT has long been a commonplace of political thought amongst us that that country was best governed the Constitution of which most closely approximated to our own—a piece of national complacency which is becoming less easy to indulge in, but which has this to support it that liberty, which is man's highest natural good, is here much less restricted by Government than in most other countries. What would not our German and Italian friends give to be able to express their political opinions as freely as we do, and openly to form associations which have for object drastic changes even in the Constitution itself? The Nazis may say with truth that in a few years they have created a new Germany which is a model of strength and efficiency by canalizing all the energies of all the citizens for the promotion of the good of the State; but at what cost to personal interests of the most fundamental kind this has been achieved, the ever-growing suppression even of religious freedom best indicates. The Italians have been raised by similar exercise of strong unitary government to a commanding position amongst the nations,

but again they have paid for that result by heavy taxation, a low standard of living, financial poverty and severe control of opinion. But for the fact that, amid that Catholic people, the Church has been able to assert her independent existence, and has the support of the State in most of her spiritual activities, there would be as little genuine freedom in Italy as in Germany. However, without a closer knowledge of ordinary life in those two Totalitarian States, one cannot well say whether the sum of human happiness is greater there than elsewhere. No very accurate estimate could be made. There are different kinds as well as different degrees of happiness, corresponding to the complexity of human nature, but it would seem that self-determination, the free fulfilment of what is best for us, the liberty of the children of God, is essential to the highest kind.

Efficiency without Tyranny

NO one can deny that, at whatever spiritual cost, Italy and Germany have achieved material results impossible under their former "democratic" regimes. A single authority backed by irresistible force can mould the interior conditions of a country at will, for both tradition and vested interests can easily be set aside. Herr Hitler unified Germany by a single decree and, by a carefully-graded series, shook off the fetters of Versailles. Signor Mussolini causes towns to spring up in waste land—a feat far beyond the power and resources of wealthy England. Men will suffer much for the sake of such results, and may even come to accept, more or less willingly, the systems necessary to maintain them. In every country, faced by the delays and half-measures of "government of the people by the people," there are those who hanker after the strong and speedy and efficient, especially if they hope to find themselves cast for that role. But happily, there are other alternatives to Parliamentary democracy besides State absolutism and, if essential liberties can be combined with an authoritarian system, we need not wonder that some peoples prefer the latter. It is noteworthy that, while Belgium, a Catholic country (as they go nowadays), is struggling to preserve a Parliamentary regime and deserves our sympathy for her efforts, other small Catholic countries, Austria and Portugal, have adopted the Corporative system which preserves much of the democratic spirit without the drawbacks

of party, and are making a success of it. It is a sure sign of ignorance and prejudice to decry such experiments. Democracy is social and economic as well as political, and in the Corporative system the "vocational groups"—trade unions, etc.—are free and natural combinations of those who perform similar functions in the State: and, autonomous themselves in their own spheres, they are only in the last instance supervised by the State for the common good. A Corporative State as the name implies is a unified organism, not exposed to the class-war which, now that Labour has become political, so weakens Parliamentary democracy.

Corporatism unifies and strengthens

CORPORATISM, being a natural unforced growth from beneath, has every prospect of surviving and extending, if only the world ever has the sense to abandon war and the unbridled covetousness that gives rise to it. It is the seemingly essential belligerency of the Totalitarian States that makes their system so obnoxious to the peace- and liberty-loving peoples who do not want to be constantly regimented and have all their activities controlled by political aims. The fact that "Quadragesimo Anno," which we may take as embodying the combined wisdom of all available experts in matters economic and constitutional, commends Corporatism in general as doing away with class-warfare and the exploitation of labour, and at the same time strongly deprecates its being given a political character, should surely commend it to the sympathetic consideration of Catholics, whether employers or employed. They will find its principles fully developed in an excellent booklet, published by the C.S.G.—"The Guild Social Order," which has a special chapter on the historical growth of Corporatism in England. To abolish the internecine class-struggle in every State, without destroying fundamental human liberties, would go far to restore peace to the world.

A Return to Sanity

HITHERTO our statesmen have been content to point out the folly of war and of competitive arming for which no limit can be fixed. Now even the dictators would seem to be anxious to be rid of that terrible menace which is keeping their people poor and hindering social development.

Signor Mussolini once promised to inaugurate a system of competitive disarmament by reducing the Italian army to "10,000 bayonets," if only the other Powers would do the like. That common-sense process may ultimately be adopted, but the anti-peace States must first be dealt with: the Soviets under Stalin must make it plain, by dissolving the Comintern, that they have finally abandoned their plan of uniting the world's workers to overthrow civilization; moreover, the legitimate grievances caused by the Versailles Treaty must be fully removed. The Allied Powers did not stir a foot to prevent Germany from settling most of those grievances for herself. They have thus implicitly allowed the question of Germany's war-guilt to go by default, and so they cannot logically continue to penalize her by insisting on retaining what were her colonial possessions; they must return them to a guiltless and impoverished country or make her some equivalent concession. We own that we feel that Germany's insane endeavour at procuring by force purity of race—a thing quite impossible of attainment—and a national non-Christian religion—a thing contrary to God's design—is of more danger to the world than her menace to her neighbours' property. If only she were given a stake in the world, she would be less inclined to upset the world's tranquillity. Having to defend large and widely-scattered dependencies does not, as we know, make for this country's repose. An extra large gun or two overlooking Gibraltar, and our imperialists are all of a-twitter: an Italian naval base at Rhodes, and we tremble for the Suez Canal: continued unrest in Palestine menaces the security of our oil-supply: we have to spend millions at Singapore to provide a safeguard for Australasia. That is why Great Britain so desires peace—peace in her riches—and why only the comparatively poor and destitute nations desire change. Moreover, that is why there is a growing feeling that for peace sake Germany must regain her place in the sun—a feeling which the Government would seem to share.

Common-sense Diplomacy

ANYHOW, Mr. Chamberlain's speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet showed a welcome realization of facts. He implied that, the League of Nations being temporarily at least out of action, his policy was to continue friendly, common-sense and informal discussion with the German and

Italian dictators, which he had inaugurated by his letter to Signor Mussolini last July, with the view of seeing what can be done to establish peace and thus stop the process of bleeding their respective countries for the maintenance of colossal armaments. This vast expenditure is thought necessary only because of mutual distrust and hostility. Remove or even mitigate those emotions and armaments may be greatly reduced. So Lord Halifax has been to Berlin to talk things over with Herr Hitler, and doubtless some other Minister will presently discuss matters with Signor Mussolini. All three countries would be infinitely relieved by the banishment of the war-menace, even for a generation or two. The folly of "grown-up" civilized nations continuing to conduct their intercourse by methods of barbarism is now universally recognized, and to deepen that recognition we have, combined with war-preparations at home, the spectacle of "the next war" actually being tried out on the hapless Chinese. We hope the good wishes and prayers of all citizens will be behind these sensible *démarches* of the Government. A *modus vivendi* between these four Powers—Britain, Germany, Italy and France—would yet save European civilization and would more than justify whatever readjustments of traditional policy may be called for.

Recognition of Nationalist Spain

ON the face of it, the appointment of consular agents without diplomatic status to Nationalist Spain is a concession to business realities which endeavours to keep within the non-intervention framework. The attempts of Red sympathizers in Parliament to prevent this common-sense arrangement betokens their apprehension that it is a timely prelude to a fuller recognition of the fact that the Anti-Nationalists, all of whose Governments are now in uncomfortable juxtaposition in Barcelona, have been practically beaten by Catholic Spain. Bilbao was captured in June: during that month only 5,554 tons of iron-ore were exported: in October the amount was 140,312 tons, and it is increasing, as far as the demands of the army will allow. Refugee workers are returning and a number of prisoners of war are employed in the mines. Nothing succeeds like success, and we may expect that our own non-communist workers, learning that many more of their class are supporting Franco than his ad-

versaries, and are enjoying far better conditions and prospects than the liberal-communist Republic could secure for them, will no longer be deceived by their leaders into supporting atheist anarchy.

Delusions about the Spanish War

THERE are others whose enlightenment on this matter is of even greater concern to us, our fellow-Catholics. In their laudable desire to promote peace on earth *The Catholic Worker* of New York, followed by *The Catholic Worker* of London (but not, we are glad to say, by *The Catholic Worker* of Melbourne) have ventured to differ, not only from the common opinion of lay Catholics everywhere but from the unanimous decision of the Catholic Bishops who have spoken on the subject—including the hierarchy of Spain—in declaring themselves “neutral” in regard to the Spanish struggle, *i.e.*, stating equivalently that it is a matter of indifference to Catholics which side gains the victory. We had hoped that the Spanish Bishops’ Letter, now in the hands of Catholics everywhere although unnoticed by the secular Press, would have destroyed the last vestige of doubt in every Catholic mind as to the rights and wrongs of this momentous issue. But no: in the November number of our *Catholic Worker* here, the Bishops’ Letter itself is grossly misinterpreted to support its personal view. The whole purport of the Letter, which rightly dissociates the Church herself from taking the initiative in the revolt against the Red Government, is to show how thoroughly justified that revolt was, and how grateful the Church felt towards the gallant vindicators not only of ordinary civil rights but especially of the rights of religion. The misinterpretation of these facts is emphasized in a special inset in heavy type to the effect that the Bishops declare that “Franco was justified,” which is, of course, true. But the Bishops are also made in the inset to say—“the war is not a Holy War” and “that it is unChristian to regard it as a war for or against religion.”

A False Interpretation

NOW considering that practically speaking the whole Catholic world, including the French, Irish, Mexican and English Episcopates—to mention only those we know of—look upon the Spanish revolt as a defence of religion, the

possibility of the Spanish prelates accusing their sympathetic brethren of lack of Christianity is beyond belief. It is rather *The Catholic Worker* that should merit that reproach. For it puts that singular charge into the mouths of the Spanish hierarchy on the strength of a single somewhat obscure clause in a single sentence of a letter of over 10,000 words, the whole gist of which proclaims the contrary. Explaining why foreign opinion has been misinformed regarding the real issue of the civil war the Bishops enumerate amongst possible causes "the anti-Christian spirit which has seen in the Spanish struggle a decisive struggle for or against the religion of Christ and Christian civilization." But they do not say, and could not, without contradicting the entire purpose of their Letter, what *The Catholic Worker* implies, viz., that "the anti-Christian spirit" was *wrong* in its view of the issue. On the contrary, their meaning clearly is that foreign opinion was misled because the anti-Christians, realizing that their hour had come, lost no time in poisoning public opinion by the lies about "democracy at stake," "the Church against the workers," "Fascist dictatorship," etc., with which the world was immediately flooded. Happily, in the second revised edition of the Letter now available, the possibility of such a foolish misreading has been authoritatively destroyed by Cardinal Goma himself.

A Quibble between "righteous" and "holy"

WE can guess one probable indirect source of a mistake which has caused not a little confusion, not to say scandal. Our readers know that a small and now discredited section of French Catholics, led by M. Maritain, has affected a similar attitude of neutrality towards the fight for religion in Spain, and has insisted strongly that the war cannot be called "holy." That seems to us a mere quibble about terms. It was not, as we know, a war invoked like the Crusades by ecclesiastical authority, and some amongst its objects were not directly concerned with religion, but it was an eminently just war born of the need of asserting basic human rights against unjust aggression and therefore in accordance with the divine will. When amongst the rights unjustly denied we include the fundamental right of worshipping God according to conscience, of preserving the integrity of the family, of educating children to know and love God, it is

hard to see why the defence of these primary things should not be called holy. It seems to us clear that it is radically a religious war because it is waged against Communism which is radically anti-theistic and anti-religious. And it was undoubtedly the prolonged attempt to eradicate Catholicism from Spain, which was the declared policy and actual practice of the new 1936 Government, that assured the Generals that Catholic Spain would support their rising.

Neglect of Authoritative Guidance

WE have dwelt on this single aberration on the part of a paper which is doing good service to Catholicism in England, just because it hopes to lead Labour opinion towards the Church and because it had the signal honour of being recommended for Catholic reading in our Bishops' Joint Pastoral last December. Such an aim and such support involves a higher degree of responsibility than it seems to realize. It is probable that its November issue was published before its Editor was aware of our Episcopate's very emphatic endorsement of the religious character of the Spanish struggle (published in *The Catholic Herald* on November 5th) but the Spanish Letter should have been enough. It is not healthy nor particularly Catholic to be in a minority against the collective witness of an entire Episcopate, even in matters not of Faith. And, fighting as it does so bravely for the Christian ideal in industry, *The Catholic Worker* cannot afford to have its credit in any way impaired by an intransigent attitude on matters of general Catholic agreement. So we venture, whilst reiterating our admiration for the "Holy War" it is waging at home for the restoration of Christian morality—the "First Annual Report" of its Wigan "House of Hospitality" is a moving record of the unobtrusive exercise of the works of Mercy in the very spirit of the Gospel—to animadvert with all friendliness on an outlook which may do considerable harm to its work.

The Scandal of Catholic "Leftism"

PERHAPS it may help those whom M. Maritain's reputation as a philosopher has led astray on a matter of practical politics, to read how his views are regarded by a fellow-Catholic in a new French periodical called *Occident* (quoted

in *The Tablet*, November 20th). Therein, M. R. Havard de la Montagne writes—

When they [he couples M. Mauriac with M. Maritain] believe they are placing themselves above the struggle, willingly or unwillingly they are thrown into it, and on the wrong side. M. Maritain overwhelms us with dissertations in which he tries to show that the Spanish war is not a holy war. These subtleties leave us cold. M. Paul Claudel has replied that the arguments of the Spanish episcopate are just as good as M. Maritain's. . . If it is not given to us to penetrate the designs of God, we have a chance of avoiding deception in preferring to M. Maritain's exegesis that of the Spanish episcopate.

Perhaps it may be the existence of an extreme Right in French Catholicism—the “Action Française,” which is so extreme that it has gone clean out of the Church—that provokes other Catholics to move unduly to the Left. Anyhow this latter movement, which is somewhat responsible for the traces of “Leftism” amongst ourselves, has become so marked as to merit a stern rebuke from the Vatican. No less a dignitary (we read in *The Catholic Times* for November 19th) than Padre Mariano Cordovani, O.P., Master of the Sacred Palace and Papal Theologian, has lately published in the *Osservatore Romano* a severe stricture on the Editors of *La Vie Intellectuelle*, not for a perverse view of events in Spain, in this instance, but for publishing articles throwing the blame for the modern chaos of public morality mainly on the Church. We have not seen the articles in question, but we fear it is rather a characteristic of Catholic intellectuals in general to find fault, through misdirected zeal, with the Mother that bore them. *Scientia inflat*: one has only to read the lately-published correspondence between Baron von Hügel and Father Tyrrell to realize the truth of St. Paul's saying.

Guidance in Public Morality

MR. A. P. HERBERT claims that his Divorce Bill, which has already prompted the creation of two new Judgeships for matrimonial causes, is designed to promote Christian morality. So, doubtless, would claim the advocates of the legalizing of abortion who are preparing a Bill for Parliament. It is no doubt vain to tell them that Christian

teaching has always declared that the direct destruction of embryonic human life is grievously sinful—a crime akin to murder—which no circumstances can justify. In answer to a question sent him by that admirable organization “The League of National Life” (which deserves whole-hearted Catholic support), the Archbishop of Westminster authorized a short summary of Catholic doctrine on the matter, which made the necessary distinction between the direct and indirect destruction of the foetus, and pointed out the evil consequences of allowing *any* exceptions to the law. On the other hand, the Archbishop of Canterbury, similarly approached, replied through his Chaplain that the Sixteenth Resolution of the Lambeth Conference and the paragraph in the Report on which it is based—both of which constitute a reprobation of abortion as a sinful practice “contrary to the law of God and of man”—remain as “the considered opinion of all the Bishops of the Anglican Communion throughout the world,” although the Resolution “has not yet been formally adopted by the Convocations of the Church of England.” This is as far as the Archbishop can prudently go: he has no commission to declare the unalterable law of God, but he can endorse the “considered opinion” of all his episcopal brethren *for the time being*. The Chief Rabbi on his part, applied to for a statement of the Jewish law was, indeed, quite explicit but even more unsatisfactory—“the procuring of abortion,” he writes, “is absolutely forbidden in Jewish law, except in such cases where medical opinion declares that the life of the mother is endangered.” The fatal “hard case” which outside the Church plays havoc with the absolute divine law!

Mr. Epstein again

EVERY now and then Mr. Jacob Epstein—there must be some law of periodicity governing him, if one could only discover it—executes a piece of sculpture, gives it a Christian name, and then, we may suppose, sits back to enjoy the confusion caused in the Christian camp amongst those who do not know whether art or religion has the first claim on their allegiance, or who think they can definitely set them apart. Lately he produced “Consummatum Est”—a mammoth recumbent human figure in alabaster, which is still on exhibition. Previously, we had “Genesis,” but that was without Scriptural meaning, whereas his “Ecce Homo” raised pre-

cisely the same storms as we are witnessing to-day. Into the vexed question of taste we do not wish to enter, but we presume there are some canons of art in sculpture, familiar to the ancient Greeks, within the bounds of which the artist who wishes to express beauty should keep, and that the canons of religious art are still narrower and more clearly defined. Would the common man, one not trained to detect esoteric meanings or to admire mere mastery over material, be moved to devotion by this religious symbol of Mr. Epstein's? Would he even recognize it, apart from the label, as having any connexion with religion? We hardly think so: therefore we may put religion aside, and look upon the figure as that, say, of a labourer resting after toil. Then purely artistic considerations can come into play, and these we leave to the competent. This we can say on behalf of the sculptor and in default of any personal opinion, that an artist of our acquaintance who was revolted by a photograph of "Consummatum Est," came to admire the reality when seen at the exhibition.

The League of Nations Union

WHEN the Soviets, or the Comintern, with drums beating and flags flying, so to speak, entered the Peace Movement with the unconcealed object of perverting it to their own objects, Catholics felt it necessary to withdraw from all associations which included such equivocal allies. And so we refused to have anything to do with the International Peace Campaign, inaugurated at Brussels in September last year and only continued to support the League of Nations Union in this country on condition that it also refused any formal and official connexion with the Campaign. However, we regret to say that some of the chief officers of the L. of N.U. continue in their private character to show their sympathies with it, in spite of its leaven of communism, and the Union's paper *Headway* has all along, more or less directly, supported the Red Government in Spain. Catholics have complained without effect, for the last issue of the paper continues to evince Red proclivities: an unjustifiable attitude in an organization which is supposed to transcend all parties, and one which threatens to destroy its own efficacy as a means of promoting peace.

THE CASE OF DR. COULTON

II

AT the end of my last article (THE MONTH, November, 1937) I promised to present as an illustration of Dr. Coulton's methods his attack on the Catholic doctrine of marriage. It took place during the summer of this year in the columns of *The Daily Telegraph*.

There appeared in that newspaper on June 26, 1937, a letter from Mr. Arthur S. May, Official Principal (Ecclesiastical Judge) of the Archdeaconries of Middlesex and Hampstead, a letter containing these words: "*In the Early Church divorce with remarriage was permitted.*" On June 28th, Mgr. Ronald Knox wrote to the same paper a letter which appeared a day or two later asking Mr. May "to provide some justification with contemporary references for this extraordinary statement."

There was here a clear and simple issue. "Did the Early Church permit remarriage after civil divorce?" Civil divorce involving the civil right to remarry had always been legal in Pagan Times as it is in England to-day. This legal civil right continued during and after the Conversion of the Empire. Did the Church recognize that right for the members of her Communion? Did she permit the remarriage of Christians after they had been divorced by the civil law? To-day, as we all know, she does *not* permit such remarriage. She affirms marriage to be indissoluble for life. But did the Early Church allow such remarriage? There you have the plain question put by Mr. May's affirmation and Mgr. Knox's challenge thereto.

The term "Early Church" is not precise; but everyone is agreed that it covers Apostolic and sub-Apostolic times (say, the last two-thirds of the first century and most of the second) and most people would extend it to mean all the Ante-Nicaean period; that is, up to A.D. 325. Did the Church within this primitive period allow the remarriage of a divorcee?

Mgr. Knox's challenge was written, I say, on June 28, 1937. On July 2nd *The Daily Telegraph* published a letter from Dr. Coulton professing to give "documentary evidence of divorce" (with the right to remarriage understood) "under

the Early Church." The eminence of the correspondent and his deservedly high reputation for erudition caused the editor to allot him a very unusual amount of space for this reply.

It covered a whole column in small type (160 lines). The first part (after 4 lines of introduction) was taken up with discussion of terms (16 lines). The documentary evidence is cited next (31 lines). The remainder of the very lengthy epistle—no less than 109 lines!—is taken up with matter quite irrelevant—the slackness and venality of medieval lawyers and their clients, the chicanery with which causes of nullity were established in the later Middle Ages, and so on—down to the Marlborough case in our own day, which Dr. Coulton doesn't understand. There are, therefore, only 31 lines—one-fifth—which attempt to meet the challenge delivered; the rest is but one more example—inordinately drawn out—of Dr. Coulton's inability to seize an issue.

In these 31 lines, six documentary references are brought forward. (1) The Council of Arles (A.D. 314); (2) The Council of Vannes (A.D. 465); (3) The Council of Compiègne (A.D. 750); (4) The famous and well-worn discussion on St. Gregory II's reply to St. Boniface; (5) The alleged papal dispensation to Henry IV of Castile (middle of fifteenth century); (6) Clement VII's alleged proposal for allowing bigamy to Henry VIII of England (1528).

Of these six only one deals with the Issue: the reference to Arles. The obscure and unimportant Vannes can hardly be called "Early Church," still less the irregular Compiègne which is as late as the eighth century, as is St. Gregory II's letter to St. Boniface. The supposed dispensation to Henry of Castile is fifteenth century; the supposed initiative of Clement VII is of the sixteenth—and anyone who thinks of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries as "Early Church" must have wild ideas of history.

With the last five efforts I will deal in their places and more briefly. The only strictly relevant one is the allusion to Arles.

Arles is a synod important to our subject both because of its early date and because the Bishops present came from widespread sees and sat under the eye of Constantine. It is eleven years prior to Nicaea and only three later than the edict of Toleration, the edict of Milan, whence we date the civic freedom of the Church to act in public affairs.

The Canons of Arles as we have them in their fullest form

are 29 in number—though only 28 appear, because Nos. 22 and 23 were coalesced. Of these 29, one, and one only, Canon XXIV, deals with the general doctrine of divorce and remarriage. Here it is :

PLACUIT UT QUANTUM POTEST INHIBEATUR VIRO NE DISMISSA UXORE VIVENTE LICEAT UT ALIAM DUCAT SUPER EAM. QUICUMQUE AUTEM HOC FECERIT ALIENUS ERIT A CATHOLICA COMMUNIONE.

That is clear and final. It is decided that as much as is possible a man whose divorced wife is alive shall be prohibited from marrying another in her place. Whoever so acts shall be excluded from Catholic Communion.

The Bishops couldn't prevent the civil remarriage of divorcees, any more than the Catholic Church in England to-day can prevent it; but they decided to inhibit it as far as their power extended, that is, to excommunicate anyone who so remarried.

A few years earlier the Council of Elvira had given a similarly emphatic and clear pronouncement on Catholic doctrine. By Canon IX of that Council if the innocent wife of a divorced husband marries again she is to be refused Communion. Clearly this was the determined doctrine and practice of the opening fourth century, the end of the ante-Nicæan period of "Early Church"; and it is consonant with all we know of Catholic practice and doctrine from the "Shepherd" of Hermas onwards, all through the "Early Church," though Elvira and Arles are the first *official* documents giving exact definition to the doctrine.

But the Canons of Arles include another Canon, dealing, not, like Canon XXIV, with the general doctrine of the "Early Church" on all matrimony and divorce, but only with a particular and obscure case. This Canon is Canon X. Not only does it deal with what must have been an exceptional and rare special point, but it is impossible to make clear sense of it. The text may be corrupt or the circumstance of a sort we can no longer understand.

What it says is that if the unfaithful wives of *youths* are divorced, and the youths are forbidden to remarry, let every effort be made to dissuade those youths from remarriage.

On the face of it there is contradiction of terms here and, therefore, apparently, nonsense : a puzzle of a sort not unknown in very ancient documents referring to forgotten social

conditions. First the innocent youths are forbidden to remarry and then every effort must be made to prevent them! Does it mean that being legally forbidden *till* they were of age they could legally marry *after* they were of age, and must be persuaded not to exercise their legal right? Or does it mean that the Church forbids them to remarry and therefore strongly dissuades them—apparently a superfluous addition? Or does it mean that when, on account of the youth of the husband, a marriage had not been consummated before the wife left him, he should still be bound by the espousal and promised contract? Or is the text corrupt? Did an original transcriber negligently drop the word "*non*" before the first "forbidden" so that the original meaning was: "though they are not legally forbidden to marry let every effort be used to dissuade them from remarriage"? Such accidents did happen in the many copyings and recopyings of MSS. over centuries and one original slip will breed a whole family of erroneous transcripts.

Such is Canon X of Arles. What does it mean? No one knows. There has been any amount of guesswork on those tortuous few lines, but no clear conclusion. Anyhow, whether the text be corrupt or the obscurity due to forgotten social conditions one thing is perfectly clear: the Church did *not* countenance the remarriage of the divorced.

But these 29 Canons of Arles are found complete in only one manuscript—that of Lucca. In the other extant MSS. Canons XXIV to XXIX (the last six) do not appear. They were unknown until Mansi discovered them and printed them in his great collection of 1748 and onwards. Because they are found so far in only one manuscript their date is open to dispute, and Mansi himself says that "perhaps" they belong to another Council of Arles.

The editor of *The Daily Telegraph* having invited me by letter to take part in the discussion I wrote to point out the obvious irrelevancy of all but one of Dr. Coulton's citations, for only one related to the "Early Church." Dr. Coulton then pressed me to be more particular, and I pointed out his omitting all mention of the emphatic Canon XXIV, the only Canon of Arles fully relevant to the point at issue. I further pointed out the dilemma in which he continually puts his readers: either he doesn't fully know (or understand) the thing he is dealing with or, knowing it, he suppresses whatever is inconvenient about it, trusting to the indifference of

the public and its unfamiliarity with recondite points. I shall give further examples of such ambiguities in his work. They are always cropping up.

On my stating this dilemma Dr. Coulton grew very angry, said I was insulting him as a scholar, impugning his honour, and I know not what else. Here again he showed that lack of proportion which is his chief intellectual weakness. There would be nothing monstrous in his not having heard of Canon XXIV. It is not in the great collection of Labbe to which one often turns for consulting a text. It was unknown until Mansi discovered it, a lifetime later. Moreover, I had some right to think that Dr. Coulton had relied on Labbe's collection rather than on Mansi's, for he is so unfamiliar with the latter as to think that italics are there used for emphasis. Mansi uses italics to distinguish commentary from text, not for emphasis. You might as well say that the Authorized Version used italics for emphasis. Even if he knew of Mansi's Canon XXIV, he might, as an advocate, rely upon its disputed date as an excuse for keeping it dark or upon the general ignorance of such things. All advocates rely upon such gaps in the defences of their opponents. It is no crime to do so.

Anyhow, Dr. Coulton did leave out all mention of Canon XXIV just as he had left out all mention of the earlier Canon IX of Elvira and all mention of the mass of "Early Church" Authorities which insist on indissoluble marriage. Father Geoghegan quoted a sufficient list of these, but Dr. Coulton preferred to ignore them also, as being the work of "ascetics." When faced with Canon XXIV he said he had kept silent on it because it was "spurious."

That word "spurious" is ill chosen: "debateable" is rather the adjective required. Canon XXIV is certainly very old. Mansi, who discovered it, prints it consecutively with the rest and it is quite certainly consonant with the spirit of the time.

Had Dr. Coulton written "Canon XXIV of Arles may be quoted in support of the Catholic position, but its date is not certain, for it occurs in only one Codex" everyone would have agreed with him and I should be the first to admit the qualification.

Take a parallel case. Someone denies that the Apostolic Church knew anything of a Trinity. He is asked for his references and answers: "Matthew and John, the two eyewitness evangelists, knew nothing of a Trinity." You ask him why he said nothing of the text in St. Matthew's Gospel,

"Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost" and why he says nothing of St. John's second Epistle, "There are Three who bear witness in Heaven : the Father, the Word and the Holy Ghost." "Oh !" he answers, "those texts are spurious. All scholars reject them. They are not in the best MSS.—so I said nothing about them." It would be a poor excuse for evading a prime piece of evidence on a famous issue !

So much for Arles. I have dealt with it at such length because, of all Dr. Coulton's references, it was the only relevant one.

Now for the irrelevant ones not concerned with the "Early Church." They are of no value in this particular debate, but they illustrate Dr. Coulton's strange idea of history.

The first is the Council of Vannes. He says nothing about Orleans, Toledo, Soissons and the other important Councils of the Dark Ages which emphatically condemn remarriage after divorce, but, as for Vannes, so far from supporting the idea that the Church tolerated remarriage, Canon II of the Council of Vannes (beginning of the later half of the fifth century) insists that those who have left their wives and have taken others are to be kept away from Communion. It is another example of Dr. Coulton's way of leaving out the essentials. To read his letter one would think that this particular rather obscure Council, very local and called in a distant corner of Christendom, supported the idea of divorce and remarriage in general. What it does do (which is unorthodox) is to quote the famous and disputed phrase in St. Matthew : "Saving the cause of fornication." In that the Council of Vannes went wrong. But to quote it in support of unCatholic views on marriage and to leave out the others is utterly misleading.

Next Dr. Coulton quotes the Council of Compiègne some 300 years later. The Council of Compiègne was not a true Canonical Council. It was a gathering of officials and great nobles, as well as clerics, under the eye of the Frankish Government which desired to reconcile lay practice with Church discipline, and was trying to make the latter give way to the former. The really grave thing about this Council is the fact that the Bishop of Ostia, who was the Pope's Legate, accepted the decree, although the Pope who had sent him is found later perfectly orthodox in the matter of divorce.

I am surprised that Dr. Coulton did not use this presence

and agreement of the Legate. But then, I am continually surprised by Dr. Coulton's insufficient knowledge of his own case. If he were going to quote unofficial and local things, why not quote the Gallic Pœnitentials which too often envisage the possibility of divorce? For the matter of that why did he not mention Verberie which is earlier than Compiègne by a few years and more regular? It gave a husband the right to divorce if the wife had plotted against his life. Dr. Coulton misses many opportunities in controversy from his lack of proportion. He cannot distinguish between what is important and what is not. Though I am no expert in such things, I can't help thinking that if I had to write to an anti-Catholic brief I could have made a better job of it myself than Dr. Coulton does.

The next or fourth point is St. Gregory II's reply to St. Boniface. This is one of the most hackneyed of all controversial points. Dr. Coulton ought to know all about it, for everybody else does who has gone into these things at all—yet he again leaves out the essential point of the whole matter. What happened was this. St. Boniface was dealing with the barbarous tribes of mid-Germany and trying to make them civilized and Catholic. Their chieftains had a natural custom of abandoning a wife who was permanently ill and could not live with her husband, and taking another. Might they be allowed to marry another wife? St. Gregory answered that under the circumstances everything should be done to prevent the barbarian custom continuing (a few lines before he had been insisting on the savage character of this mission-field). If, being barbarians, they cannot conform to so difficult a rule, let the thing go on. Whether he spoke of people fully Christian, whether he were tolerating an evil for the moment only we do not know; but we do know that both the moment and the circumstances were an exception, and it was a question of saving a new enterprise begun among savages. We do not even know whether the marriages alluded to were canonically Catholic marriages. Of all this there is nothing in Dr. Coulton's allusions. The general reader might imagine, from his citations, that a Pope of the early eighth century had fully accepted remarriage as a matter of course.

Dr. Coulton's fifth point, the legendary dispensation to Henry of Castile has been thoroughly disposed of by Father Arendzen. Dr. Coulton imagined that to be history which was myth. He was excusable no doubt. We all of us make

such errors. But in the case of Dr. Coulton, whose main strength is verbal accuracy, they stand out. Later, Dr. Coulton tried to get out of it by pleading that people had, after a certain lapse of time, taken the myth for truth. But that is no excuse for *his* error. I tremble to think what Dr. Coulton would have said about an opponent who should have quoted the Donation of Constantine and then pleaded that he had a right to treat it as genuine because it had been accepted later by an uncritical generation.

Lastly, Dr. Coulton alludes to another threadbare tag, Clement VII's alleged proposal for allowing bigamy to Henry VIII of England. Dr. Coulton is not without excuse. The thing has been said a hundred times in English textbooks and they have taken him in. He ought to have read more deeply. The original proposal was not Clement's, it was Henry's. That King had drawn it up and had given it to his envoy, Knight, to present to the Pope. It was with the utmost difficulty that Wolsey got him to withdraw it.

That was as early as 1527. It was not till at least three years later that Casale wrote from Rome (September 18, 1530) pretending that Clement VII had originated the suggestion. Yet the year before (in the summer of 1529) Benet had asked Clement whether he could give a dispensation of such a kind and he had answered "No." He reiterated that refusal. All this Dr. Coulton ignores.

I think I have said enough to show the spirit in which this writer approaches the essentials of any discussion affecting Catholic doctrine. He leaves out things material to judgment; he admits only what is useful for his brief. It is all mere advocacy and bad advocacy at that.

Now, history should be written not from the Bar but from the Bench.

H. BELLOC.

EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted. As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.

CATHOLIC CHINA

"**W**ESTWARD the course of Empire takes its way," wrote the philosopher Bishop Berkeley, with the growth of the American Colonies in view. The course of Christianity may well be proceeding in the opposite direction. Men are already speculating on the spread of the Gospel in the Far East, when European civilization, become wholly materialist, perishes through want of a soul. The recent rapid growth of the Church in China provides some basis for conjectures of the sort.

Lately two remarkable products of the Press in the Zi-ka-wei Catholic settlement—a large scale mission map of China; and the thirty-fifth issue of the *Annuaire des Missions Catholiques de Chine*, 1937—have provided an excellent opportunity of estimating the extent and the rapidity of that increase. The *Annuaire* in some ninety large octavo pages of statistics and explanatory information covers the twelve months from June, 1935 to June, 1936, with later news of importance, such as the names of the whole hierarchy, down to December 1st. The map, on the other hand, first published in 1935, was re-issued last year, under the direction of Father Jean-Baptiste, S.J., of Zi-ka-wei—a worthy successor of the Jesuits who produced the first reliable maps of China in the early years of the eighteenth century. As a matter of fact, each of those two editions comprises six distinct maps, for the names of provinces, towns and cities—two thousand in all—are printed in all of them in Chinese characters, with the corresponding European equivalents—English, French, German, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese—severally attached; the language of the explanatory and tabulated matter in the margins of the maps varying with the particular country concerned. The map—four sheets on stout paper or mounted on linen and folded—includes Manchuria and Eastern Mongolia as far as the Siberian frontier. Its large scale—four feet by five—marks it as a new and very important departure in the production of Chinese mission maps. Hitherto, on occasion of missionary exhibitions, maps of this size have sometimes been displayed, but only as enlargements of small-scale maps, showing few details. There have also been a few larger local maps of some of the mission districts. But now at last we

have a general map of the Catholic missions of China on a scale large enough to show their extraordinary development. As lately as ten years ago, in an atlas issued by one of the most important map-publishing firms in Italy and produced by an expert, the space given to China was about five by six inches! Naturally in that space, it was possible to show only the large civil provinces.

There are now 125 separate mission territories and the new map, by its scheme of colouring, shows the distribution of these between Chinese secular priests and the missionaries of various religious orders and congregations, mainly from Europe, but including also some missionaries from America. Thus is brought into prominence the recent important development in missionary organization, inaugurated by the last Encyclical of Benedict XV, the subject of which was the Catholic missions, with special reference to those of China. After dwelling on the wonderful increase of conversions after the Boxer revolt and the subsequent proclamation of the Chinese Republic, the Pope urged that the missionaries in China should beware of regarding their position as the pastors of a vast country boasting an ancient civilization, as one of permanent possession. They must look forward to the time when—sooner or later—they would be able to hand over the pastorate of the Chinese people to a native hierarchy and clergy, secular and regular. We see to-day the fruits of that far-sighted policy.

It has been, however, one of the glories of the reign of the present Pontiff Pius, to establish that policy on an actual and progressive footing. Hitherto, by the treaties with China which followed the Anglo-French occupation of Peking in 1860, France had been given the protectorate of the Catholic missions, with the result that missionaries, on reaching China, had to be introduced to the officials at Peking by the French ambassador, through whom thenceforward they were to conduct their correspondence with the Chinese Government. On that account for years after, the Chinese used to describe Catholicity as "the French religion," and thus to regard it as essentially "foreign." Pius XI put an end to that source of error when, in 1922, he secured direct relations with the Chinese Government by appointing Mgr. Constantini, Titular Archbishop of Theodosia, as his Apostolic Delegate to China. The Archbishop convoked the first council of the bishops of China at Shanghai, and escorted to Rome the first

six Chinese priests to receive episcopal consecration at the hand of the Sovereign Pontiff himself in St. Peter's.

Thus was laid the foundation of the future native episcopate for China, and already in twenty missionary districts (apostolic Vicariates and Prefectures) the missionaries, for the most part, are Chinese seculars. Two Vicariates are served by Chinese Vincentians (Lazarists), and an Apostolic Prefecture by Chinese Franciscans (Friars Minor). There are now in all twenty Chinese bishops, one of whom, Mgr. Paul Yu, consecrated last year, is established at Nanking, the capital of the Chinese Republic, and has staffed his Vicariate with native secular clergy. Out of a total population of nearly five millions, there were last year 31,503 baptized Catholics and 2,426 catechumens. It may be that, owing to the Japanese invasion, the capital may be transferred to Hankow further up the Yang-tse, the chief railway centre of China, and also the base of operations of the Franciscan missions in several provinces of Central China.

A brief glance at the past history of the Faith in China will convince us that there has been nothing hitherto recorded to compare with its increase in our own days and with its anticipated growth in the future, due mainly to the fact that the Chinese themselves are at work in the mission. For the earlier period, from the arrival of Matteo Ricci in 1582 to the last years of the eighteenth century, exact statistics are wanting. The highest number of Chinese Catholics claimed at any time during this time was 300,000, in the year 1700. This is, obviously, nothing but an honest conjecture, not based on a regular census or periodic returns. During the eighteenth century itself, the troubled state of Europe, culminating in the French Revolution, cut off supplies for the evangelization of the East generally, so that in the year 1800 it was estimated that the total number of Catholics in China had sunk to 100,000.

With the restoration of peace in Europe in the early nineteenth century the first steps were taken for the reorganization of the Eastern missions. The good work was begun by Pius VII, and Gregory XVI (1831—1846) was the founder of many new Apostolic Vicariates. Although the ban against "foreign religions" was only gradually revoked, there was a steady increase of the Catholics, and by 1850 their numbers were estimated at 330,000. In spite of such interruptions as wars, with England and with an Anglo-French Alliance,

and an internal rebellion, during the next half-century, this record was more than doubled, and in 1900 the Catholics reached the total of 741,000, spread over every province of the Empire.

However, the twentieth century opened with another ferocious outbreak of persecution, chiefly in Northern China, where the leaders of the Boxer revolt, irritated by European exactions, declared war against "the foreign religion" as well as against the Manchu dynasty. The Catholic victims were some 10,000, and amongst these every age, condition and rank were represented. But then occurred a striking verification of the old saying—"The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church." A great and continuous flow of conversions followed the suppression of the revolt, as the following figures at various periods indicate—in 1905, 880,000; in 1910, 1,292,000; in 1915, 1,751,000; in 1920, 1,994,000; in 1925 (the reports now giving more precise numbers), 2,337,882; and finally in 1936, 2,934,175. It must be understood that these are the totals of baptized Catholics, and represent too the natural growth of the faithful, but the number of catechumens (who remain under instruction for from two to three years), viz., 526,673, shows that the increase through conversion is still very large.

In the summer of 1908, when the first flood of converts was rising year by year, a French Vincentian Father, home from Peking, told me in reply to my question as to whether the flow of Chinese conversions showed any sign of abating that, on the contrary, the movement of conversions, especially in the North, was something miraculous, and that amongst the new converts were men who had taken part in the organized butchery of Catholics in 1900. "Doubtless," he said, "they acted in good faith, believing they were engaged in a just war against the enemies of their country. Now, the tide of converts is so great that for the moment we are trying to check it." When I expressed surprise at this last statement, he said that he meant that, on account of the number of aspirants, it was not possible all at once to arrange for all to be instructed and prepared for baptism. All that could be done in many cases was to take note of their names in view of the future. "It would be no gain," he went on, "to have numbers of half-instructed converts. What we want are more missionaries, more nuns and more catechists."

One undoubted cause of this unprecedented gathering to

the one Fold was the proclamation of the Chinese Republic in 1912, which, amongst other decrees, declared that there was to be complete religious freedom in the new State and that Christians were eligible for all civil and military offices. In the years that followed there were troubled times of internal strife, between provincial governors and generals supporting the new Republic or seeking to establish a communist regime with the support of agents of the Russian Soviets. There was, however, no official interference with the Catholic Church in China, although there were perilous times in several of the provinces as the result of widespread outbreaks of brigandage. The diplomatic body at Peking advised the missionaries to withdraw from the disturbed provinces, but the Catholic missionaries stood by their people, and when the brigands began to hold some of the Catholic priests to ransom, they decided that no ransoms should be paid. The reason for this heroic decision was that, if, once such demands were satisfied, in any particular case, all the clergy would be liable to capture. After some twenty-five priests had either been put to death or died of the sufferings of their captivity in the brigand camps, the chiefs of the outlaws realized that priest-hunting was not a profitable business, and released their remaining captives.

Fifty years ago there were thirty missionary Apostolic Vicariates and Prefectures. There are now 125 such districts, and the bishops of China number 94. Of these 21 are native Chinese. Fifty years ago there were 475 priests, missionaries from various European countries, and 325 native Chinese priests—800 in all—whilst in the seminaries were only 36 native students for the priesthood. To-day, according to the *Annuaire*, there are 2,636 missionary priests from Europe and America, and 1,822 Chinese priests, with 843 Chinese students preparing for ordination, 34 in Rome itself. Moreover—another sign of a consolidated Church establishment—a number of *petits seminaires* have been started with some 5,000 boys in training for the higher sacerdotal studies.

Hardly less important for the progress of the Faith amongst those teeming multitudes—some 500,000,000 including Manchukuo—has been the assistance of many religious orders of women. Their help was rare in the earlier pre-nineteenth-century missions, for there were few convents in the mission-field, and those were almost invariably to be found in the coast towns or large inland cities. There are now convents in

every province of China. These are mostly of the active orders, engaged in educational or charitable work, but there are also several enclosed communities, Carmelites and other contemplatives. In June, 1936, there were in all 6,766 nuns in China, of whom less than one-third—2,120—were foreigners. Many of the communities are mixed, but the religious in entirely Chinese convents number 2,564.

The task of Catholicizing China is formidable enough considering the extent of the harvest and the comparative paucity of labourers. How sad it is that it should now be jeopardized by foreign invasion, the destructive course of which must needs diminish or wipe out the material resources on which the work of evangelization so much depends. Priests, nuns, catechists and lay helpers of various sorts, maintain all over China churches and schools, hospitals, leper-asylums, homes for the aged and the poor, orphanages, medical colleges, dispensaries, universities and training colleges, not to speak of printing presses that produce Catholic literature of all kinds—not now in face of active opposition, but rather with the approval of the Government, glad to supplement its own efforts by the skill and resources of those whose sole aim is the education and prosperity of the citizens. The heads of the Government, and in some instances the local authorities, have asked the Catholic missionaries to organize and direct new schools.

Now all this solid performance and hopeful prospect is in danger of ruin by a foreign Power which, whatever its claims, has lapsed into barbarism by the methods employed in urging them. Yet the Church in China is much more capable of meeting and surviving this danger than ever before, because it is, as far as it extends, the Church of the country, largely officered by its citizens, and promoting Chinese interests. We pray that it may survive in strength and become, when God wills, the real bond of unity between the citizens now divided by diverse and doubtful allegiances. There is danger from the West as well as from the East, from Russian Bolshevism as well as from Japanese imperialism, and China needs all the cohesion which the sense of common ideals and faith confers. God grant that she may find in Catholic Christianity, now at last a native growth on her soil, the source of a vigorous resurrection.

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

SNAPSHOTS FROM SPAIN

“**T**HE Spanish boys on Franco's side are being systematically militarized. They go about with rifles and are taught regular drilling.” This observation has been made on several occasions.

Tousled-haired, black-eyed, plump—and he was called Fernando. We met in a sacristy and he was clad in a red cassock. He pulled this over his head and emerged in the uniform of a young Phalangist: a member of the *Flechas*. Fernando showed me round a certain city and took me to a famous monastery where two banners taken from the Turks at Lepanto are displayed. He pointed these out with intelligent pride. “We fought the Turks, and now we are fighting the Reds,” he said. It was a simple remark but there was a meaning behind it. It is idle to pass judgment on the Spanish war if one is not prepared to admit that the remark has a meaning. If the war is not in defence of the Faith, then indeed the boys are “militarized”—in the pagan sense. But if the war is, then the boys are undergoing a legitimate initiation into the ways of Christian soldiers. Fernando, by the way, was the name of a canonized warrior-king of Spain.

But, as a matter of fact, boys remain boys and “playing at soldiers” is an age-long game. They are having a glorious time of it with drums, bugles, toy-rifles and blue shirts. But the variety, size, colour, shape of the trousers attached to the shirt is amazing. In the course of those days, a fond and voluble mother, mistaking me for a person of importance, rushed up breathlessly to ask: “Should my Pepito wear a blue shirt with khaki trousers or a khaki shirt with blue trousers, and what about the red bonnet?” It was suggested that the matter might be left to the decision of Generalissimo Franco—and with a fervent “God bless him,” she went away contented.

There is a certain significance in this variety of uniform. Certain it is that the Spaniard will never be dragooned into a meticulous cult of exterior uniformity: his innate sense of the ridiculous would make short work of a Hitlerian parade: even on the anniversary of the National movement, Franco did not make histrionic gestures on a balcony. He spoke quietly and quickly, with soldier-like precision of words from

his study. There is a photograph of him shown in many periodicals: the crowd acclaim him but his eyes are lowered. If modesty is a control and reserve of power, Franco is a modest man. If humility implies magnanimity and is allied to a public acknowledgement of the rights of God and conscience, Franco is a humble man.

He has praised "those fighting in the trenches, soldiers and officers; splendid young men from colleges and universities . . . who know how to die."

Indeed they do. A Jesuit Chaplain produced a bundle of letters. "These are from my former Sodalists. Glorious and encouraging letters all of them. They write from the Front and they are ready to go to Heaven." And it was a certain pale-faced, well-mannered Alfonso (but he ran away from home at the age of seventeen to fight along with the Legion) who remarked in a quiet voice: "If we have to die, why not die for a glorious cause?"

Any important railway platform swarms with young men, presenting a mosaic of motley and multi-coloured uniforms. Red-bonneted Requetés cheek-by-jowl with Phalangists, their blue shirts faded by the sun or washed by the rain on many a Front. The ordinary line-infantry in varying hues of khaki look quite tame beside the Moors with their bright and baggy pantaloons. The few Germans whom one sees—they are mostly technicians and experts in various branches of modern military craft—seem to have been chosen also for their stature, good looks and physical fitness. Walking advertisements for the Hitler regime! One of them made a significant remark on Spain: "There are so many churches but so few factories." And the Italians? Few are visible in the rear-guard, and even those who are have none of the warrior-like appearance of the Spanish soldier. A group of the officers of the Legion, spick and span, heavy and haughty, were casting critical eyes on a number of lean Italians on a station platform. My companion said: "We should not lose with the withdrawal of the volunteers."

"Do you fear that this National uprising will be contaminated with foreign influences?"

And the answer was always the same: "No. Ours is a National movement. It is an appeal to true Spanish tradition and a recall to the memory of national heroes. We have 700,000 men in voluntary service; the foreigners number—." And the numbers varied from 15,000 to 30,000—but never

more than this.¹ The "Black Arrow" Brigades—billed by the Roman Press as Italians—are predominantly composed of Spaniards. Franco, of course, depends on Italian aeroplanes; but some of the best aviators are Spaniards. I met one who had brought down forty Red aeroplanes. It would seem certain that the French have sent much inferior war material (some of it dated by the European war of 1914) to the unfortunate Reds. But at the moment of writing, the Red Embassy in London is imagining Italians landing at Cadiz²; the politicians in Paris are expressing pained surprise at the fact and threaten to open a frontier that has never been closed.

The war as depicted by the English secular Press is not the war as fought on Spanish soil. What attempt is made to understand its historical significance? Take a small example. A famous portrait of Columbus was deliberately destroyed by the Reds. The incident is significant, and symptomatic of the fact that Valencia does not stand for the true National tradition. This is inevitably bound up with Spain's universal mission to the New World; her intimate alliance with the South American Republics and a common history and destiny shared with them. The present writer was brought up with the culture and civilization of Chile as his predominant background. The influence of his early upbringing colours all his thoughts. Again and again he was reminded in Spain of South American sights and sounds, architecture, music, food, expression, outlook—all that goes to make up a culture and civilization. Franco speaks of "the historic fullness of the country, following the wide road towards her imperial and Catholic goal. . . I point out the national significance of the Arrows of Ferdinand and Isabella." He is aware that Spain transplanted her civilization to the New World, he wishes to foment and encourage common ties and aspirations. Cardinal Goma made a magnificent speech on this theme on the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress at Buenos Aires.³ José Maria Pemán writes and speaks on it constantly. Santiago is still the name of the capital of Chile. The New World in South America has not changed its old names.

¹ Official versions from Rome now admit 40,000 Italians. The Red Embassy in London says 100,000. Mr. Yeats Brown in the *Observer* backed the former figure.

² And *The News Chronicle* is circulating legends of their secret withdrawal, made with the view of being able to assert to the forthcoming Commissioners that there were never more than 40,000.

³ "The Feast of the Race" is celebrated every year on October 12th. It evoked great enthusiasm in Buenos Aires this year.

The North Americans called their capital after him who broke the union with England. They perpetuated a cleavage of culture and outlook. Spain does not intend to conquer a new Empire; she hopes to cleave to the old, in spiritual and cultural wedlock. This is her "imperial" ambition.

It is a reality. It was the South American Republics who defeated Valencia at Geneva. ARRIBA ESPAÑA—almost untranslatable—is both a salute to the past and a greeting to the future. "Isabella the Catholic is the Patroness of our Phalangist movement, and we are very keen on St. Ignatius's teaching on obedience," affirmed a leading official. A Jesuit Father on the staff of *Razon y Fé* (now appearing again, edited from Burgos) said: "The founders of the Phalangists were sound Catholics and first-rate Spaniards."¹

And as for the Requetés—why, they date from 1833, and even the ingenious imagination of *The Daily Herald* would find it hard to find any implication of Italian Fascism in their traditional marching songs. Requetés dislike and despise Hitler's paganism. They now number about 100,000 fighting members.

A body of men are making a special study of Spanish Freemasonry. The contents of a certain room are filled with Masonic emblems and decorations, documents, books and papers captured in the course of the present war in the various Lodges. A startling collection indeed! Let there be no secret about the matter. "Once and for all, Spanish Catholicism is going to finish with Spanish Freemasonry. We cannot breathe the same air; we cannot live on the same soil; one or the other must go."

The speaker was in dead earnest. Freemasons have been shot in Cordova, El Ferrol, La Linea, S. Fernando. Why? Because it was proved that they were the paid agents of Russian Communism and were working for the destruction of their country, its civilization and traditions. How was it possible for a certain dentist in Valladolid to live on a very lavish scale and keep up an expensive household? Everybody wondered—until it was discovered that his house was the centre of subversive propaganda. The President of the Nocturnal Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in Cadiz was found to be a Mason; in a grade which carries the Pelican and the Cross (symbols of the Holy Eucharist) on its decorative emblems

¹ The movement has grown rapidly, and it is bound to number "queer" Catholics among the rank and file.

and office regalia. Thus a Mason in this grade worked for the destruction of Catholicism from within. These captured Masonic ribbons are in this very room in the company of pornographic literature of incredible malice and vile anti-Christian propaganda of every kind.

The correspondent of one of the leading London dailies will not add to his popularity by wearing the Masonic emblem in his ring.

This Masonic attempt to strangle and murder the soul of the Spanish people will be shown up in due course with documentary evidence. Meanwhile, the people are jolly and happy, resigned and resolved in National Spain. The joy is spontaneous, but behind it there is a reserve of heart and a seriousness of purpose. It has been a terrible and shattering time; families have mourned their martyred members and gloried in the achievements of soldier sons. Emotions are mingled. There is laughter and tears, pity and anger. The agony of Madrid, strangled under Red bands, is not forgotten. And under the stars, there are always soldiers sitting at the restaurant tables. But the ladies are absent, and the men order little to drink and eat. This is from personal choice. Food is plentiful and cheap and the poor are better cared for than in the days of the Republic.

My companion said: "There is a small tax on luxuries which is used for the benefit of needy families. It is easier to be poor under a blue sky and a hot sun, but when winter comes the *Auxilio de Invierno* caters for the poor."¹ The civil organization behind the Front is quite admirable. Trains crawl along the lines but finally arrive at their destination. In Bilbao there were no cats in the streets or cows in the fields. The inhabitants had eaten the latter and the Reds had driven away the former. There was therefore no milk but plenty of rats. But civil life, even in July was almost normal. It was being administered by *Spaniards*. *The News Chronicle* surpassed itself when it remarked: "If the Germans leave, civil life will collapse." The soldiers, not the Socialists, have built houses for the poor of Seville.

Much has been written, and some exaggerated statements

¹ I mention these details to show the English people that the Spaniards are also helping each other. The present writer preached on behalf of Spain at the Redemptorist Church at Clapham. May this example stimulate others: a splendid congregation—by no means wealthy—gave nearly £40 for the relief of Spanish distress. Donations will be gratefully received by the Bishops' Committee, c/o the National Bank, Ltd., 21 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

have been made concerning social injustice in Spain under the Monarchy. It may be pointed out that the Asturian miners *were* getting a "living wage" before the outbreak of the war¹: but in the course of it they have shown themselves as the reddest of the Reds. The Chaplains seldom succeed in getting them to the sacraments in the various concentration camps. The moral seems clear: the mere granting of a "living wage" is no solution of the social problem. There must be sound instruction; there must be right belief; the Gospel must not be dragged down to the level of economics. Dogmatic truth precedes and promotes social justice.

Cardinal Goma has admitted that many employers did not do their duty by their people. But there were others who put into practice the teachings of the Encyclicals. And *yet* they were killed! Why? Because class hatreds had been systematically instilled by lying propaganda.

Cardinal Goma spoke on these subjects. It would be impossible to convey the deep earnestness with which he pleaded for world-wide Catholic sympathy and the assistance of prayer and alms. He was grateful beyond words for the help given by English Catholics and the work of the Bishops' Committee "for the relief of Spanish distress." This is both a gesture of good will to Spain in her present trial and an act of gratitude to her for her own help to us in the past. The Rector of the College at Valladolid has given time and trouble to this work. He has upheld our national honour; he has repaired the damage done to it by the politicians.

GEORGE S. BURNS.

¹ This statement is confirmed, with ample documentation, in an article in *Ideal*, of Granada, October 21, 1937.

Peace on Earth

COME, PEACE—so highly priced
 That our dear Kinglet, CHRIST,
 To buy for us this gift,
 Hath scorned all thought of thrift
 And Heaven sacrificed—
 Come, His great plan fulfil,
 Our minds' inertness thrill;
 Be sweet, persuasive, swift,
 And crown our hearts' good-will!

A SHROPSHIRE LASS

THE TRAGEDY OF MARY WEBB

IT was in Shropshire that Mary Webb found her inspiration. She had been born and had grown up amidst its dreamy woods, its softly misted hills, its fields and flower-set lanes. Never through all the days of her short life was she to be free of its enchantment. When she sought fame farther afield it drew her back again irresistibly, and to-day she rests near to the scenes which she has immortalized. Those scenes are the sadder for her going; the blackbird's note, on the first cold evenings of spring, seems to have taken on an added poignancy. Once she had written :

Let fall your golden showers, laburnum tree!
Break the grey casket of your buds for me—
Soon I shall go where never gold is seen,
And who will be with you as I have been?

All things so early fade—swiftly pass over,
As autumn bees desert the withering clover.
Now, with the bee, I sing immortal June;
How soon both song and bee are gone—how soon!
Who'll watch the clover secretly unclose?
Finger the sycamore buds, afire with rose?
Trace the mauve veins of the anemone?
Know the peculiar scent of every tree?

Through all her poetry echoes this heartbreaking, pagan note of farewell, as insistently as it echoes through all the poetry of Walter de la Mare.

She died at the age of forty-six, her writings but little known, and before the acclaim and acknowledgement which they have received in recent years. People come nowadays to lay flowers on her grave. She had once written of an old woman :

They bring her flowers, red roses heavily sweet,
White pinks and Mary-lilies and a haze
Of fresh green fern; around her head and feet
They heap more flowers than she in all her days
Possessed. She sighed once—"Roses aren't for me;
They cost too much."
Yet now she sleeps in them, and cannot see
Or smell or touch.

But the flowers that have been given to Mary Webb after her death are not only the flowers of the field that swiftly fade and pass, but the lasting flowers of fame also. Her work is known and loved by thousands to-day, for it has universal qualities which ensure it a lasting memory. A country-bred girl, with a love for her surroundings that gave her an uncannily heightened vision of all the glad activity of life around her, she was able to impart something of this deep vitality to her novels, writing them in a prose which is one of the delights of modern literature. One returns to it again and again as to poetry; the mind lingers over and dwells on it without exhausting the springs of its delight. It satisfies that deep love of the country-side which is in all of us, stifled, but not killed by more than a hundred years of industrialism.

All her life, Mary Webb was seeking an answer to a persistent demand of her nature which she could not, did not indeed attempt, to stifle. The answer she found was but a faint substitute for that which, had she but realized it, would have truly satisfied her. Instead of the strong, heady wine of Catholicism, she had but the thin, watered-down substitute of a pantheism which sought to include the figure of Christ.

Not, indeed, alone, has she followed and formulated such a doctrine. Years before, the strong and positive nature of Emily Brontë sought some doctrine more living than the pale religion of her father, and found it in a pantheism which touches upon the fringes of Christianity. But it was the soft and undulating landscapes of Shropshire that had nurtured Mary Webb, not the stern grey moors of Yorkshire. And so the pantheism to which her nature gradually reached out was a tenderer thing than that to which Emily Brontë attained. Her stories take their course in a world far removed from the mad turmoil of "Wuthering Heights." Emily's story is set, as it were, in the fiery glow of a wild November sunset: the stories of Mary Webb are enacted beneath an ever-changing April sky, or in the sad light of a January day.

From her very earliest days the loveliness of the world in which she lived had thrust itself upon her consciousness with an overwhelming intensity. She was intimate with every flower and with every tree. And like the characters of her novels, she had absorbed something of that myriad life which had surrounded her in the Shropshire country-side. But standing in the light of a fading sunset, as the colours blurred

and died in the greying sky, or wandering in spring beneath the green mist of the awakening beeches, the life pulsing around her seemed at times to become conscious, to open its arms to her and to offer her peace. Time after time the desire is expressed in her writings to be absorbed into the beauty that nature spread around her. She writes of

the sudden sense—keen and startling—of oneness with all beauty, seen and unseen. This sense is so misted over that it only comes clearly at such times. When it does come we are in complete communion with the universal life. The winds are our playfellows; Sirius is our fellow-traveller; we are swept up into the wild heart of the wild. . . . The miracle that we eternally question and desire and adore dwells in the comet, in the heart of a bird, and the flying dust of pollen.

And at such times it was not as the garments of God that she felt such things about her, not merely His footsteps that she looked upon; she thought that she was looking into His very face, confronted with the depth and fullness of His Immortal Beauty—"Surely he cut his flute in Calvary's dingle?" And it was here that she failed. A writer like Alice Meynell could look at the same beauty of hill and valley, of tree and flower, and looking through and beyond it to the distant Vision of God and His Infinite Beauty, could write of the simple daisy as

enough to hide
Like all created things, secrets from me,
And stand a barrier to eternity.

But Mary Webb, like Wordsworth, sought to make these things self-sufficient. She was indeed only a little way along the road which many pagan thinkers and philosophers have trod. But the vision of Calvary had never been vouchsafed to them. It had come to Mary Webb but she had rejected it. There is a significant passage in "Gone to Earth." Hazel is staring tearfully and uncomprehendingly at a picture of the Crucifixion.

"What is it, my dear?" Mrs. Marston looked over her spectacles and her eyes were like half-moons peering over full moons.

"That there picture! They'm hurting Him so cruel. And Him fast and all."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Marston wonderingly, "that's nothing to get vexed about. Why, don't you know that's Jesus Christ dying for us?"

"Not for me!" flashed Hazel.

"My dear!"

"No. What for should He? There shall none die along of me, much less be tormented."

"'Needs be that one Man die for the people,' " quoted Mrs. Marston easily. "'Only through blood can sin be washed white.' "

"Blood makes things raddled, not white; and if so be any's got to die; I'll die for myself."

Mary Webb did not realize that all must accept the Cross in order to come to the Truth. The meaning of the Redemption was closed to her. Whilst closely drawn and attracted to the figure of Christ, she did not understand His suffering and death. She was indeed filled with a greatly but wrongly directed pity for all who suffered—human creatures, or creatures of the woodland. With all the force of her nature she abhorred fox-hunting and similar so-called blood-sports. But suffering not seen as the inevitable result of man's disobedience to God was inexplicable to her, as finally it must be inexplicable to all who reject the Christian revelation. So, in life, she was always a little lost; she had the puzzled look of one who had strayed far from a childhood home which she could not fully recall, and of which a dimmed memory could only give a faint and indistinguishable glimpse. She wandered in a world whose true meaning she did not know, seeking the ultimate truth and beauty amid the fleeting loveliness of spring and autumn.

The women and girls of her novels are the true nymphs and dryads of old legends. They are evocations of the woods and fields and hills. The exquisite loveliness of a thousand woodland flowers has faded into their faces; their voices echo the tiny singing birds, and they walk freely and with loose grace like the creatures of the woodlands themselves. Their lives are shaped by the external circumstances of nature. The Devil's Chair broods over the life of Deborah. We should not have wondered to have read of her climbing its dark steepes to offer sacrifice to its brooding power. Something of the still depth of Sarn Mere has entered into the life of Prue, and Hazel is the true dryad, the genius of tree and stream. Her

life is untouched by Reddin or the minister. She is an incarnate natural power, and the bewilderment she feels when learning of the child she is to bear does not strike a false note. Almost, one feels, it would have been a little faun that she would have carried in her arms.

But also, like the dryads of old, they are creatures that belong neither to this earth nor to the heaven to which their eyes never turn. They dwell in a mid-world and when they weep, it is with the bitter and despairing sobs of children, oblivious to all save the hopeless grief of the moment. "I'm not a 'ooman growd," cries Hazel, "I dunna want to be, and I won't never be." There hangs about them the tender poignancy of an eternal spring.

The bells come to Prue's ears through the washing of the mere; the life of Deborah changes with the changing mists of the Devil's Chair, and Hazel runs through woods where sad voices call and beauty goes by in loneliness. The cry echoes through the leaves "Lone, alone!" But it is not the lost phantom who utters them; it is Mary Webb herself.

GERARD GREEN.

Shepherds

A LONG white cloak of sheeps' wool,
A scrip, a sling, a crook,
Are all a simple shepherd's needs—
Unless it be a book.

A long white cloak of sheeps' wool,
A tar-box, sling and crook,
A little pipe for music,
And for his rest a book;

A Book that tells of shepherds
Who found in days of old
One Who Himself is Lamb of God,
The Shepherd, and the Fold.

M. WINTER WERE.

FEAR IN THE OLD HOUSE

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

THE ancient, darkened sign on the Old House creaked and groaned, and on that December night the noise of the rusty iron close to the studio window seemed to Denys unpleasantly suggestive of clanking fetters. . .

The Old House, he supposed, must have been associated in its time with all sorts of queer characters—outlaws, foot-pads, highwaymen: had been a tavern, probably, of the coaching days. Certainly it was far older than the overcrowded neighbourhood in the midst of which it had by some hazard been allowed to stand empty for years, until it was turned into a set of studios.

When Denys had come a month ago with an order to view, he had liked the odd, secretive aspect of the Old House, which looked as if it were brooding over the past; yet now, for some unknown reason, he had begun to feel ill at ease. He was beginning indeed to doubt his wisdom in taking over the studio from its occupant Garside, who had wanted to move into the smaller one on the ground floor.

The studio was big enough for two—it would be less desolate with two in it, Denys thought. Garside had been sharing it with another painter, Wright, who had died suddenly. Yes; decidedly it would be pleasanter with a pal—on an evening like this. He'd make some coffee, he reflected. That would be an excuse to ask the others—Garside and St. Grwst—to come up. He was already on good terms with the latter who was a keen amateur antiquary like himself. Garside was all right in his way, no doubt, but Denys couldn't take to him altogether, perhaps through having heard rather sordid things about him, indirectly. Well, they might not be true. People exaggerate. . . The wind came in a stronger gust against the shutters. Denys stopped. He wanted to go and make the coffee, but he stood perfectly still. Treadgold Alley was quiet. Even the usual faint roar from the traffic close by was muffled, leaving nothing beyond the troubled insistence of the wind and rain against the Old House, as in the days when it was a tavern on the evil outskirts of a tiny metropolis. The creaking of the iron frame was a part of his surroundings of which he had not been thinking just then

(his mind had been running on Garside and Wright) but he thought of it now, because from the penumbra of his consciousness, like the touch of a hand in the dark, fear came upon him—not his own (that would have been less terrifying) but fear, so it seemed to him, in another soul . . . the horror and blank amazement of a soul in its nothingness, cognizant too late of the Supreme Good that it had wilfully rejected. Denys put his hands on the back of an armchair for support, feeling suddenly as if he were weighed down by an intolerable burden. The pleasantly embossed design of the material under his fingers, because of its very banality, was grotesque at that moment, when his whole soul was aware as never before of the incalculable importance of the Eternal issues.

People talked and wrote about Purgatory and Hell. It was a different matter, verily, when it came to some kind of an experimental realization, even, as it might be, but faintly—vicariously. Denys gazed unseeingly at the pattern of the back of the chair. He was no longer conscious of his surroundings. He no longer saw the sketches on the walls, his easels, and his carefully-cleaned brushes in a tall vase awaiting the morrow. Death and Judgment were more real than the transient phenomena of this world which now seemed to him little better than inane phantasmagoria.

Was it some poor wretch, highwayman, cut-throat, dying perhaps in the midst of his crimes, who was haunting what might have been the site of them? Slowly the strange empty terror began to pass away, leaving his faculties free to speculate on what already seemed dim and impossible.

Denys drew a deep breath. He could not doubt the validity of that moment's experience—whatever the cause—though he no longer recalled it clearly. He knew that it had been, but what it had been had the elusiveness of a dream.

He thought to himself (reflecting upon what had happened) that the past, especially in moments of strong emotion, might remain photographed—locked up (express it as you will)—in material things, to be released—like a film—by someone; or to be picked up—like wireless waves—by someone in sympathy, attuned, if you like. Or were souls forced to linger where they had sinned, enduring their Purgatory (or their Hell) in the same spot; or permitted to return thither for some unknown end?

The Old House might be among those which are called haunted, including in the one term all the inexplicable mani-

festations of the sort. Perhaps St. Grwst would be able to tell him something. . .

Denys made the coffee, and kept his thoughts on the task, lest they should stray again on to what had seemed like the key-idea unloosing the sequence of his experience. He did not want a repetition of it.

St. Grwst came with alacrity at an invitation over the banisters—perhaps he too was suffering from something untoward in the night. Garside was still out.

Assuredly the room was less depressing with two in it, thought Denys. Presently he brought the conversation round to the subject preoccupying him. They discussed the old, vanishing London.

"Know anything of the history of the place? I've often been meaning to inquire." Denys tried to speak indifferently.

"Oh, I must tell you; the interesting point is that one Ben Petticrew writing in the last century actually mentions the Pub." St. Grwst stopped to light a cigarette. Denys leaned forward, hoping for a clue.

St. Grwst went on: "A 'genteel widow' rebuilt the Old House after it had been completely destroyed by fire, and it was a model hostelry in his day. It isn't so very old, you see."

"Is that all?"

"Except that later it was the meeting-place, for years, of some obscure and pious sect; shut up for the spiders during more years; then turned into studios."

"Oh; so nothing very much in its history, so far as you know? Yet it seems to me (I can't say why) that there ought to be a ghost hereabouts. Was there never a murder most foul—or something of that sort—and a subsequent haunting? Never a white woman to come oozing out, like escaping gas, from the wainscoting? Isn't there *something*? I'm all ears—" Denys spoke jestingly to hide his deadly seriousness.

St. Grwst laughed. "Sorry to disappoint you, but the Old House has always been, so far as is known, as dull as a suburban villa. If you're psychic-researching (didn't know you had the *flair*) I'm afraid you'll not make any discoveries here, my friend." He flicked his cigarette on the edge of the ash-tray and leaned back with an air of finality.

But Denys persisted: "Yet in this room—I don't know what you think—and I'm no authority of course—but I can't

help feeling that there's something queer—psychic, you know, whatever we mean by that—”

“No; seriously, how did you get that idea?” St. Grwst laughed incredulously.

Denys still spoke lightly: “Now, if one of us had second sight, I think all the same that we should see something. I don't know what. What do you say?”

“Poor old Wright perhaps—only I hope he's resting in peace—somewhere.” St. Grwst was serious on a sudden. “He died just a year ago to-night. Same sort of weather, too. I went to fetch the doctor. It was all pretty grim. . .”

Denys poured out some more coffee. “Oh, so Wright died here?”

“In this room. Didn't you know? That was why Garside wanted to leave it, I suppose. Depressing when you've been friends—Poor old Wright . . . ‘Where be your gibes now? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?’ . . .” He stared up at the ceiling through his smoke.

Denys did not speak. The fear had returned. Wright: that was the key-idea.

“The coffee's still quite hot. I shall ask Garside to come and have a cup,” he said. He had heard Garside bang the door as he always did when he came in. Would he, Wright's friend, be aware, also? Had he left the studio on that account? Intensely, Denys wished to know.

But when Garside came up St. Grwst started off on a whimsical theme, seasoning his talk with oddities so light-hearted, as he did at times, that Denys forgot his purpose for laughter. In the midst of their hilarity St. Grwst suddenly broke off to consult his watch. “By Jove, I must go and try to finish a drawing” (he was an illustrator). “Quite forgotten I'd promised it for to-morrow, the 18th.”

“So to-day's the 17th. I didn't remember that.” Garside spoke as if he were thinking aloud. His face looked blank.

“Yes, a year ago to-day. How time goes.” St. Grwst seemed to answer his thoughts. “Well, so long, you chaps.” He paused a moment, looking at a sketch on the wall as he went out.

Garside leaned over, and took his cup with a shaking hand, sending the coffee over the edge. Denys's eyes were fixed upon him, because the fear was there, stronger than before, and Denys would have sworn that Garside also was aware of

it. His face, which had gone white, had a bluish tinge (Denys noticed) along his jaw where an intractable beard left a faint shadow. He swallowed his coffee at a gulp. "I ought to be going, too—."

"Oh, don't go yet. There's no hurry."

Garside looked uneasy. Obviously he wished to get out of the room. "I want to turn in early—" He broke off, as if struck by the futility of the excuse.

"Ten minutes more or less won't matter." Denys spoke brutally almost, for he meant to keep Garside where he was. Ignoring his expostulations, he forced a cigarette upon him and filled his cup again.

Watching Garside, he said slowly: "No; don't go yet. This studio's rather gloomy when one's alone. D'you know, before you fellows came in, I felt that terrible dread—you know what I mean!"

Garside moistened his lips. He did not speak. Denys went on:

"Did something frighten Wright before he died? Why is his terror in this room?"

"I don't know—I don't know what you mean—I don't know anything about it—" Garside got up. His face was ashen.

Denys, too, got up. "It's true, that last remark of yours. We neither of us know anything about it, though we both feel it—" He stopped and held up his hand as if he were listening to something. "For Heaven's sake, if there's anything you know, tell me." Again he listened as if the fear were a sound. "It's too terrible. Tell me—"

"There isn't anything to tell." Garside broke off uneasily. "Of course, there couldn't be. No intelligent man believes in things like that nowadays." Then, as if to convince himself rather than Denys, he went on quickly, half under his breath: "Of course, if I were a believer now like you, I might imagine a reason. But all the old dogmas are exploded—by science. I hold my intellectual liberty too dear—" He stopped again.

"Or is it freedom from moral obligations which you prize?" The thought came into Denys's mind but he did not say it aloud.

"—too dear to give it into the keeping of an outworn fallacy. No one of any intelligence believes nowadays," he concluded, bringing the phrases out like a lesson learnt parrot-wise.

Denys smiled at the implication. "No doubt you are too enlightened and modern to read anything as old as the reputed sayings of a certain Jesus of Nazareth, but it strikes me that there is something applies fairly well here: '*Though one rose from the dead, they would not believe.*' You wouldn't, would you?"

They were both silent for a space. Garside fidgeted with his hands. It looked as if a struggle were going on in his mind. Then he laughed harshly. "Anyhow, there's this life, and I mean to enjoy it, and stick to it as long as is possible. It's futile to bother one's head—I must go. I've got to go out. I'd forgotten—"

Denys did not try to stop him then. He drew his chair to the fire. The studio was comfortable all the same, he told himself. Mightn't it be a good idea to get a cat, though? Something so homely about a cat. . . He lighted a cigarette. *It* (he would not give it a name) did not matter really. But he would have a Mass said for Wright. . .

A few minutes later the door banged as Garside went out—probably merely to get away from the Old House that evening. He had looked agitated—culpable almost. Was he guilty in some manner? The notion was grotesque. Denys dismissed it with the whole subject, as well as he could, and took a book from the shelf, but as he read, he could feel the fear on the edge of his consciousness. He read on, nevertheless, and as he became more interested, for a while it faded away.

But not altogether. At times Denys felt as if he should have been on his knees, instead of reading, trying to pretend that the night was as all other nights—which it was not. He essayed to keep his thoughts on his book—but every now and then found himself listening. . .

The tension of his nerves was so great that he started, and then waited in suspense when he heard St. Grwst answer a telephone call, and after a moment hang the receiver up.

Had Denys really known beforehand that a tragedy would happen that night? Thinking about it later, he could not be sure yet he felt no surprise—it seemed what he must inevitably hear—when St. Grwst told him.

It seemed what he must inevitably do—what he had known he would be doing—while he sat up that night waiting for St. Grwst to come in. He had no wish to go to bed. The only possible thing to do was to sit up until St. Grwst

returned from the hospital where Garside had been taken, crushed by a motor-lorry. . .

Denys put more logs on the fire and waited. The east wind still groaned round the Old House, rattling the shutters, and dashing the rain intermittently against the skylight. Garside, so full of life a few hours since in this same room, was dying. They had said so when they telephoned. Conscious, they said, and asking for St. Grwst. . . He was dying . . . hurried, unprepared and reluctant to a future in which he had no belief. . .

Again the thought of Wright came to Denys, but without a return of the *fear*. In that respect, the room was normal again.

Steps came along Treadgold Alley. Denys sat up and listened. . . It must be St. Grwst at last. . . But they went on past the Old House—uncertain steps, like those of someone who had been drinking. . . Just then, Denys felt it to be a thing unbearable that men should live thus unregarding on the brink of Eternity . . . and he could have wept very nearly in his impotence to make known his own experience to other men, impress them, make them aware, as he had been made aware in its dread reality, something of what the awakening—too late—of a soul might be like.

He had imagined straightway some old-time criminal, spectacularly romantic, a highwayman at the least, steeped in crime to account for that terror. But why? In any life outwardly prosaic might be cause enough for that and more.

Denys let his head sink on his hands and gave himself up to thoughts which he had never thought in his life. Then, as he was very tired, perhaps he dozed a little. He came to himself with a start, and found that St. Grwst had come softly into the room. "Garside's gone," he said.

He looked worn out, but would not go straight to bed as Denys pressed him to do. No, he was too tired to sleep, he declared, and kept walking up and down the room.

Denys let him talk. The suddenness of the accident had unnerved him. St. Grwst had to the point of nausea, as he said, a horror of wounds, and blood—that sort of thing. The very smell of a butcher's shop sickened him. He loathed to see a tree being hacked about, even, or objects broken.

"How I hate it all!" he said violently. "How I hate death! A corpse—what an end for a man! . . . Sucked down by the toothless lips of the everlasting worm-legions. Think

of it. . .” Then suddenly, “My God, I wish I could believe as you do, Denys! True or not, a belief like that gives poetry to life—it restores some of the dignity lost to human nature at the end. . . Garside would have gone mad, I think, if he couldn’t have had a priest. He was quite different—after the Last Sacraments, you call them, don’t you?”

“What, Garside a Catholic?”

“Yes; I didn’t know. So was Wright it appears. Only they’d given it all up. That’s what was worrying Garside at the end. I suppose it’s serious for you Catholics? He said it was his doing. Wright was a good chap but weak, I know. Completely under Garside’s thumb. Not much of a one to be under either. Still, *de mortuis*. . .” He began to yawn. “I think I shall turn in, Denys—Denys, Garside said Wright haunted him, d’you know. Kept wandering on, poor chap, about *fear* or something. Conscience, I suppose. He certainly changed a lot after Wright’s death. It’s a strange world. If I wasn’t so tired I could tell you—things I’ve known—” He yawned again and got up. “I believe I shall sleep after all. I hope you will. A blank nuisance not getting that drawing done this evening. . .”

Denys did not attempt to sleep. Before there was a glimmer in the east, between the roofs, he was standing by the window. He had opened the rusty-brown shutters and was waiting for daybreak.

In the mysterious hour between night and day the outlines of the familiar things about him looked unreal. Even by day would they be the same?

He watched the dawn slowly whiten minute by minute between the house-tops, until the sordid dimmed artificial glow in the sky changed to daylight. He was still thinking thoughts that he had never had in his life. “*Messis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci*,” he said aloud, and sighed as he looked at his brushes which it would be difficult to leave—at the call of the Lord of the Harvest.

BENET LOWTH.

ENGLAND AND ITALY

YOU doubtless know the proverb "Inglese italianato è un diavolo incarnato," which in its English rendering reads as follows :

An Englishman italianate
Is truly a devil incarnate.

The sentiment is a trifle strong. But as the proverb would seem to be Tuscan and not English, it is the Italians who are the chief objectors. In fact, the italianate gentleman is in a wretched position since neither camp appears to have much use for him. Our debt to Italy is, of course, inestimable. From it we have the legacy of Rome with those principles of civilization which have given us what is most permanent in the Western world. Christianity itself is essentially Roman : it came to us from the Eternal City which has remained its abiding centre. That greatest of all debts apart, there have been continuous relations between Italy and this country even when, to use Metternich's phrase, the former was only a geographical expression. It has been the goal of poets, artists and pilgrims. Goethe is not the only one that has written an *Italianische Reise*. Some of our greatest singers, Keats and Shelley for example, lie buried there. Byron could borrow a sonnet of Vincenzo di Filicaja and lament Italia's "fatal gift of beauty," and Browning resolutely proclaim :

Queen Mary's saying serves for me—

(When fortune's malice

Lost her, Calais.)

Open my heart and you will see

Graved inside of it, "Italy."

("De Gustibus.")

In this particular year of grace I do not suppose that it will be found engraved upon many liberal hearts. You are more likely to find the caption Abyssinia or a figure after the manner of Mr. Low.

But even in Elizabethan and Jacobean England the lover of things Italian did not escape a certain censure. Sir Henry Wotton frankly declared in his Letters from Italy that it was "a paradise inhabited with devils." George Whetstone, the dramatist, though conscious that his own play "Promos

and Cassandra" (incidentally the source of Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure") was of Italian origin, added a foreword to it in which he criticized the various national styles of play-writing. "At this daye," he wrote, "the Italian is so lascivious in his Commedies that honest hearers are grieved at his actions: the *Frenchman* and *Spaniarde* follows the *Italian* humor." Out of a particularly uninspiring lot (the English manner is sharply rebuked for total disregard of the unities of place and time) he gives the palm to the German. But "the *Germaine* is too holye: for he presents on every common stage what Preachers should pronounce in Pulpets." The Italian is often the stage villain and the mannerisms of his English admirer are not infrequently pilloried as in a play by one "Jo. Cooke, Gent.," entitled "Greene's Tu Quoque." A certain Thomas Coryate was supposed to fit the type. On the quite inadequate grounds that he had failed to take his degree at Oxford he was regarded as a buffoon. Doubtless there were other reasons as well, for he did occupy a court position of the kind under James the First. The courtiers took advantage of his supposed foolishness, shut him up in a trunk and introduced him into a masque in this unconventional way. Ben Jonson, in his "Love Restored," has a reference to this. He indicates the tricks which were resorted to in order to gain admittance to these masques, in modern parlance to "gate-crash." One of the characters has the idea of getting in, hidden inside a trunk, "but that I would not imitate so catholic a coxcomb as Coryate."

For the past two years the "Inglese italianato" has gone decidedly out of fashion. First Abyssinia and then Spain: or better still, first the unpardonable offence of having framed a constitution that runs counter to English "liberal" ideas and even pokes fun at them. True enough, there are elements in Italian Fascism which one may thoroughly well dislike, and some which it is very difficult to reconcile with the Christian outlook upon the purpose of man and his relations with the State. The dilemma as to whether the individual exists for the State or the State for the individual is resolved within that system in the way that Christian thought could never accept. There is an old adage that when you are presented with only two possible alternatives, you always choose a third. Whether in practice Fascism has found a middle way and a central horn been suffered to sprout between the

dilemma's other two, and whether as a reaction against the anarchy of individualism a greater emphasis upon the collective and the corporate may reasonably be tolerated—these are further questions into which I have neither wish nor time to enter here. Be it enough to remark that those who are loudest in their condemnation of Fascism have less care even for the liberty of the individual and would reduce him to a far more subservient position in a Soviet collective. The shout of "anti-Fascism" and "pro-democracy" (pinning down this word here to a very special case) is often a mere slogan of propaganda or the confused shriek of a whole mob crying in the wilderness of thought. If we have real respect for what we term democracy and are anxious to maintain those undoubted advantages of personal freedom and security which it has secured, then let us prevent its degradation into a mere political catchword and dissociate ourselves at once from any allies who have not the slightest use for it in its Western European or American form. The notion of a "democratic" Entente between Britain, France and the Soviet States would be ludicrous, were not its very possibility fraught with danger. The recent extension of the Anti-Komintern Pact is a reminder that that way danger lies.

We find it hard to rid ourselves of a certain superiority complex. We have exported political ideas to other peoples, no doubt politically less advanced, imagining that these are the best things of their kind, and are not a little disgruntled when these goods are returned after a lapse of years marked "unwanted" or labelled "of no further use." The Totalitarian States have arisen in practically every instance on the ruins of a Parliamentary system which in practice did not work. Had Italy and Germany experienced a longer period of peaceful development, were there no aftermath of war, no urgent feeling for national self-assertion, had another and better class of politician been available, such a system might have been assimilated, though we cannot assert this with certainty. The point is that it has not been assimilated and the majority of those two peoples are glad to see the last of it. One of the necessary pre-requisites for international peace and understanding is respect for the thought and institutions of other countries, however much we may prefer our own. We may still condemn what is flatly opposed to moral principle and to justice; we would do well to leave alone what is merely counter to our own prejudice and habit.

"Guerra col mondo ma pace con Inghilterra"—the phrase had become proverbial. The sentiment was sufficiently real for the Italians to have inserted in the articles of the Triple Alliance a restrictive clause preserving their neutrality in any war in which England would be upon the other side. A consideration of head rather than of heart, and one not unconnected with the existence of the English fleet. And doubtless the political rapprochement was all the more acceptable to the anti-Catholic Englishman since the new Kingdom of Italy had suppressed the Temporal Power and in his eyes at least had lowered the prestige of the Holy See. But for all that, there was a genuine element of friendship in it, strengthened by common experience during the War and surviving the disappointments of the Peace Treaties. The growth and success of the Fascist party alienated many even outside the circle of its political opponents; and the advance of Italy from the position of the Cinderella of the Greater Powers to that of one of the older and, its non-admirers might suggest, uglier sisters, alarmed the remaining members of that spinsterhood. The Poona-reared colonel in his armchair in St. James's began to stir uneasily and with the same kind of restless motion as the Marxist comrade in his book club. It is really curious what unanimity of feeling was realized during the Abyssinian crisis, though inspired by quite different varieties of motive.

The spotlight of popular interest and indignation has been switched rapidly away from Abyssinia to Spain and later eastwards to China. The Abyssinian war is over but the feelings it aroused are long a'dying. Italy has been driven into closer association with the German Reich in what may well prove to be an uneasy alliance. The Rome-Berlin axis is not, I imagine, of the most finely tempered steel. And the problem of a Mediterranean understanding remains unsolved. This question has to be faced if European peace is to be guaranteed and co-operation rendered possible between the four Western Powers. Only then will an effective League of Nations begin to function and the interference of the Komintern in Western Europe finally be made innocuous. There are difficulties in the way, but cultural associations quite apart, interest and common sense must bring together the two countries. Of all the States of Central and Southern Europe, Italy is the one that has best weathered the storms of the post-War years. She has risen in prestige and power and influence, has expelled or driven underground the forces

of disintegration, has succeeded in uniting with new ideas much of the tradition and values of the past so that the ferment of what is new has been healthily absorbed. It will be tragedy indeed if a reasonable understanding cannot be restored, and the beams of good sense and sympathy fail to penetrate and finally dispel the fog of mistrust which human feeling, as well as interested propaganda, has generated.

After Abyssinia, Spain. Yet another cause of estrangement. Mussolini is pictured once again as the major villain desirous of annexing part of Spain, of controlling the Western Mediterranean, of crushing the pure flower of Caballero democracy. The Spanish civil war must sincerely be regretted even if, as the situation was developing, it was inevitable. Italian assistance has but served to defend what belongs to Mediterranean civilization against the disruptive forces of anarchy and imported Oriental ideas that reek of the Tartar. That assistance was rendered to counterbalance foreign arms and auxiliaries already present on the other side. It is true enough that Britain has tried hard and successfully to localize the struggle and practised a policy of non-intervention at least more honestly than any other of the professing non-interveners. The Nationalist Spaniard must, however, be excused for regarding this non-intervention, together with the almost unparalleled refusal of belligerent rights, as a negative but effective method of intervention. Rightly or wrongly he is convinced that the practical blockade by foreign warships of the northern coast made possible the provision of arms as well as food and the transference of thousands of armed militiamen from Bilbao via Southern France to Barcelona and Madrid, and he sees that the Nyon Agreement, which was to keep the Mediterranean secure from piracy of a somewhat uncertain kind, has in reality made it safe for the delivery of war materials from Russia, quite against the natural advantage which General Franco might fairly expect to use at sea. So much, indeed, was admitted in a speech on November 1st by Mr. Eden :

The result of the Nyon Agreement [he insisted (the passage is familiar but merits repetition)] though not its aim, has been to facilitate the arrival of very large quantities of material to Spanish Government ports throughout the year. There is no need for me to dive into secret service sources for that. I have only to look

at the official figures of the Soviet Government. . . These figures, Official Soviet Government figures, show that Spain is now Soviet Russia's third best customer, and that she took from Russia in the last nine months 440,000 tons of goods valued at £3,500,000. The trade was hardly complementary, because at the same time Spain only exported 44,000 tons of goods. The interesting thing which these figures show is that from January to September this year Russia shipped to Spain nearly ten times as much in weight and four and a half times as much in value—[the speaker cleverly indicates the nature of the goods received]—as in the corresponding period for 1936.

In the same speech the Foreign Secretary administered a salutary rebuke to his opponents by reminding them that "there are a great many nations, members of the League, who want General Franco to win," that "there are those who believe that Communist propaganda is more responsible for the state of Spain than any other organism" and that "this belief is particularly strong among South American States who are related in blood to the Spanish people." The Nationalist Spaniard and the Italian who thinks with him will rejoice that the real issues are at last being openly proclaimed in this country, but he is bitterly conscious that they have been cynically ignored too long and that a policy of supposed neutrality has prolonged the conflict and worked to the advantage of the anti-National forces. The Englishman, he admits, has been the victim of clever propaganda, with the suspicion that he has not always been an unwilling one. A well-trained troop of performing "canards" is brought out from time to time, and with their widely broadcast quacking they raise in him fears and misgivings for the future. Guns have been mounted to command Gibraltar though members of our Government have stated in the House of Commons that they are not unduly terrified. Mussolini has occupied Majorca even if reputable journalists on a recent visit to the island found few if any Italians there. There is a plot on Franco's part to hand over to his allies portions of Spain or the Spanish Possessions. Franco and Italy may deny this roundly; but then to the ear that is intent upon the quacking, such disavowals are of little worth. What wonder, then, if the Spaniard reminds himself somewhat mirthlessly that only one Power has

consistently violated the integrity of Spanish territory for more than a century and that the Power in question is our own?

The record of mutual misunderstanding makes dismal reading, but it will have done some service if it dim a trifle that atmosphere of rosy righteousness which we—and other nations too in their turn—have gathered about ourselves. Indignation is a noble quality when it springs spontaneously from the consciousness of cruelty and injustice. That quality is forfeited when it is stimulated (I had almost written “simulated”) for propaganda purposes or is carefully stored up so as to be ready on demand. When there is a clear case of injustice, by all means let us condemn it as forcibly as we please. But if such an outburst depend upon a particular prejudice, far better to convince ourselves that it is a matter of politics rather than ethics. It may still be subjectively sincere; it has but scanty value in the moral order. We are familiar with protest meetings organized against Germany, Japan and Italy. But when there are far graver reasons for indignation, crimes more horrible committed against defenceless Spanish Catholics, the professional “protesters” are strangely silent. It is hard at times to stifle the suggestion that where Mediterranean and Catholic nations are in question, the similarity in the two words “protester” and “Protestant” is not entirely a chance one. We are familiar with the campaign for bringing many of the Basque children away from Bilbao out of the reach of Franco’s bombs, though he had offered to establish for their security a neutral area; I cannot remember a similar effort to rescue women and children in Barcelona and elsewhere from the knives and torture of armed criminals and imbeciles.

Happily there would appear to be a slow improvement in the relations of Britain with the National Party in Spain and with Italy. The Prime Minister’s remarks in two very recent addresses have manifested a desire to improve our relationships and incidentally our prestige both in Central Europe and the Mediterranean. Interests begin to march hand in hand with common sense and a true appreciation of peace. It is sufficiently obvious that General Franco must ultimately win the civil war. Many who have been opposed to him till now are likely to go through the clumsy motions of a Right-About-Turn and will pretend that they were in sympathy with him all the time. They will not be believed, but their state-

ment will be received with a disarming courtesy. It is becoming more evident that the Mediterranean problems cannot be solved through bluff or bullying, but only through an unprejudiced entente between the three naval Powers who have their interests in that sea. The solution would be brought appreciably nearer were France to discontinue her *pas à deux* with Soviet Russia, and reticence become the watchword for the controlled Italian and the irresponsible French and English Press. Between England and Italy there are some signs at least which indicate that a genuine rapprochement is both desired and feasible. It might be a good thing could we become for the time being a little "italianate." The dreadful equivalent threatened in the Tuscan proverb would not, I think, prove true.

JOHN MURRAY.

"As by Fire"

THE tree is felled to earth, and nevermore
Among the branches shall the linnet sing
Her madrigal of welcome to the spring,
Or nightingale her melody outpour.

The wood is charred, and brittle to the touch;
No timbered roof, or vessel's lofty mast
May from the blackened bole take shape at last—
To what intent the ruin of so much?

The charcoal wielded by the artist's hand,
Makes, lo! the forest-tree bear leaf anew,
Cities arise and ships, waiting the hue
Which shall make men his soul's dream understand.

Lord, Who hast felled the tree of my desire,
And charred the boughs thereof with searing pain,
From out its wreckage, do Thou raise again
A soul reborn, and purified by fire!

C. M. F. G. ANDERSON.

CHRISTIANITY AND CLASS

"In the organized unity of Catholic Action there should be no respecting of persons. The Church of Christ pays equal regard and gives equal opportunity to the high-born and to the lowly, to the workman and to the employer. The ranks of the clergy are recruited from every grade of society. The poor and the helpless are the most numerous and the dearest members of Christ and should, therefore, be of the greatest concern to those who have power and social standing. In Christ there is no distinction of class, no difference of race." (Archbishop Hinsley in *Westminster Cathedral Chronicle*, January, 1937.)

THE author of the American "Declaration of Independence" considered, as we all know, that the statement—"All men are created equal" was a "self-evident truth." A more critical generation, however, so far from finding the statement self-evident, does not think it even true, except in its most general form, viz., that all men are created with a similar bodily structure and animating principle. Thus they are equal in the fact that they are all human beings, but apart from that they differ from one another in innumerable ways. No doubt, what Jefferson, as a good Christian believer, meant was to insist upon the truth that the possession of an immortal rational soul places men upon a level of equality which transcends all differences of nature and circumstance. That, indeed, is a fundamental truth, from which are derived the true dignity and rights of man, and which makes criminal all attempts to subordinate him to any purpose incompatible with it. It is from ignoring this equality of mankind, as a race brought into being by God and designed to live for ever with its Creator, that the fallen world has always been the scene of manifold injustice and cruelty—man's inhumanity to man—and until the recognition in human relationships of this permanent and infeasible equality becomes general, injustice and cruelty will remain. Moreover, once the knowledge of this universal equality resulting from what most matters to man—his individual connexion with his Maker and his eternal destiny—is lost sight of or denied, the multitudinous inequalities of his existence come into greater prominence, the keystone of

human order is lost, and life becomes a ruthless struggle for supremacy. Man's rights are intimately involved with God's and, as has often been said, by the repudiation of the first three Commandments, the remaining seven lose their real force and sanction. Hence the "equality" claimed by the genuine secularist cannot find any rational foundation: the process of evolution in which he believes tends always to inequality, the supremacy of the fittest.

It is obvious, moreover, that the natural equality of man, based upon his rational and spiritual personality, is immensely deepened and strengthened when he is raised to the supernatural order by grace and becomes, not merely a creature, but a child of God. By making men members of His own family, God has conferred on them a gift so stupendous as to dwarf to insignificance all human differences: they become, not only akin as Christ's brothers, but also one, as belonging to His Mystical Body. Such a change is meant to break down all such barriers between man and man as are merely natural or conventional, and to unite them as being all equally members of the same family. Early in the history of the Church this fact was made plain by St. Paul. Writing about 48 A.D. what was probably the first of his Epistles, he tells the Galatians the effects of baptism:

For you are all through your faith sons of God in Christ Jesus. For all of you who were baptized into Christ have put on Christ. In him is neither Jew nor Greek, neither slave nor free, neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus. (Gal. iii, 28.)

And the same teaching is repeated when, towards the end of his life, he exhorted the Colossians to "put on the new man":

wherein there is not Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, slave, freeman, but Christ is all—and in all. (Coloss. iii, 11.)

This thought was the leaven which aroused in that little society in Jerusalem, newly converted from Judaism, such charity that they shared their temporal possessions freely, and had but "one heart and one soul" (Acts iv, 32).

But this recognition of the equality of Christian brotherhood was not intended to upset the social hierarchy or to obliterate minor distinctions of rank and function. St. Paul constantly dwells upon the diversity of spiritual gifts, as on

the gratuitousness of salvation itself, and in the natural order he proclaims that civil authority is derived from God. Moreover, his favourite simile of the Body, applied to the Christian social organism, implies great inequality of occupation in the same divine family. Whilst proclaiming that slaves and freemen and even males and females were all equal as God's children, bound alike by His law, and alike the objects of His love and solicitude, the Apostle was fully aware of their extremely varied social and personal status. In fact, he is still reproached by ultra-feminists for his "unjust ideal" of the marriage relation and of the functions of women in the Church. And, we cannot deny that, faced even with such a gross violation of fundamental human rights as the practice of slavery, he and the Church after him, whilst insisting on the spiritual rights of the slave, were content to wait upon the slow development of the Christian conscience for his complete social emancipation.

In spite, therefore, of imperfections incident to his fallen nature, man, being essentially a political and social being, must needs seek his welfare in a certain amount of ordered association by which civil authority, legislative, judicial and executive, so functions as to provide the peace and well-being which he could not attain outside community-life. Moreover, men so differ in natural endowments, in moral qualities, and in conditions of birth and development, that the equality which is theirs by natural origin and still more by that second birth which is called grace, is often, in fact, completely obscured. What are or should be the reactions of the Christian ideal of equality towards a set of circumstances wherein it tends to be ignored? Should the revelation that we are all one in Christ rightly produce in its full application the destruction of social and official differences amongst Christians? Are we, like the first disciples in Jerusalem, to share and share alike with our brothers and sisters in Christ, or else fail in our Christian duty? Certainly not, as the whole purpose and practice of the Church prove that Christ came not to destroy but to fulfil, not to overthrow political or social systems but to infuse them with His spirit. As a matter of fact, as we learn from St. James, even the abuses of class-distinction, remained in the Christian community. How fresh and modern seems the description of false adulation contained in his vigorous Epistle! He is reproaching worldly Catholics for their lack of operative faith and gives as an example: "If

a richly-dressed man with a gold ring on his finger enters your assembly at the same time as does a poor man in shabby clothes, and you take notice of the man wearing the rich garments saying—'Sit you here in the best seat,' whilst you tell the poor man—'Do you stand yonder' or 'Sit down here below my footstool'—are you not making invidious distinctions and unrighteous judgments amongst your own body?"

Clearly the new converts had not shed all their worldliness, that vice which consists in allowing conduct to be guided by false standards of value. They had not yet learnt that elementary Christian lesson of "seeing Christ" in the destitute and helpless, and treating them with the consideration due to His representatives. The spirit which prompted the unconverted Jews to seek the first places in the synagogue tried to find place too in the Christian assembly, and it was only gradually that the first converts came to see primarily in their fellows their membership of "the household of the faith." But St. James, in condemning worldly fawning on wealth, by no means condemns politeness. Like St. Paul, he would have his hearers "give example to one another in courtesy." There was no harm in showing the rich man to a good seat: the fault lay in spending all one's consideration on him and having none left for the ill-clad.

"Honour to whom honour is due"—that was the Apostolic rule: honour to all men as God's creatures; honour to those especially who are His children; honour to those who wield His authority whether in the Church or in lawful civil government, or in all other human conditions such as the relations of parent and child, of leader and led, of employer and employed, of teacher and disciple. St. Peter so reckoned on the permanence of this form of social inequality that he devotes a large section of his first Epistle to the duties of subjects, basing them all on the divine arrangement. But neither he nor any other Apostle teaches that obedience is due to the wealthy on account of their wealth.

They could hardly do that, since the whole tenor of their Lord's teaching was that wealth was such an obstacle to spiritual well-being that it should be shunned rather than courted. We need not enumerate His constant warnings on the subject, culminating in that terrible "Woe to the rich!" whereby He balances, as St. Luke records, His beatification of the poor. The spirit of Our Lord and of the Church that teaches in His name is that of detachment from the things of earth,

whether we have them or not. That spirit checks our natural desire of owning things, and it dictates the proper use of what we have, so that the opportunities that wealth puts in our way are not perverted to self-exaltation or self-indulgence, but employed in some way to serve God. With loss of practical belief in God, the fiduciary character of riches—the fact that they are a trust to be administered in accordance with the divine will, in helping others as well as in promoting our own well-being—is also lost sight of, with disastrous results. It is wealth, unfairly distributed and wrongfully applied, that is most effective in obscuring and distorting the spiritual equality of men, creating class-distinctions which would not otherwise exist. Accordingly, the first aim in reChristianizing society should be the wider and fairer distribution of property which would enable the amenities of life—higher education, leisure for self-development, opportunities of travel, the practice of the arts—to be shared in some degree by all. Even then we cannot hope—nor would it be desirable—to do away with the existence of separate classes in the community, though their number and exclusiveness may be greatly diminished. Birds of a feather will always flock together for their greater comfort and support. Taste and temperament are always at work to divide up every community, as the multitude and diversity of clubs and associations indicate. But these are merely surface fissures compared with the deep lines of cleavage due to differences of culture, which are caused ultimately by disparity of material goods.

It is singular that the most radical proposal to overcome this handicap on the cultural development of the working classes should have come from the then Conservative Prime Minister on the eve of the election of 1924. Mr. Baldwin then wrote a remarkable letter addressed "to all engaged in the work of education" in which he forecast an entire reconstruction of the national provision of schools with the view of providing a common education for all. Here are some extracts from that letter—

One of the strongest bonds of union amongst men is a *common education*, and England has been the poorer that in her national system of schooling she has not in the past fostered this *fellowship of the mind*. The classification of our schools has been on the lines of *social* rather than educational distinctions: a youth's school

badge has been his social label. When the present Administration took office, it was satisfied that the interests of *social unity* demanded the removal of this source of *class prejudice*, and that the national structure of education should be drastically remodelled to form one coherent whole . . . the outworn "*elementary*" structure is at last being superseded: *higher education* is being provided for every child. (Italics ours.)

We quote these extracts merely to show that the evil, even on national grounds, of strongly-marked class-differences was then clearly recognized and that the device of the same education for all actually proposed as a means of removing them. But great changes in our industrial system must take place before that common culture can be open to all—changes that will put the means of higher education within the compass of the workers' earnings. We can safely say that what Mr. Baldwin had in view was not State education for all!

However, he did realize and record the injustice of shutting off the majority of the population from the higher benefits of civilization, from that culture of the faculties which elevates taste, softens manners, purifies speech, broadens the mind, and gives the soul the chance at least of spiritual progress. All these things are the birthright of rational man: they were never intended to be the exclusive perquisites of the few. In the days of faith the Church provided the means of supernatural culture which went far to satisfy natural aspirations, for the faithful were thus assured that treasure in heaven was theirs for the asking and that no human dignity could rival their present status as children of God. Now, alas! that vision has faded from the mind of the masses and nothing remains but the sight of earthly goods, from the enjoyment of which they are barred because other people have monopolized the means of procuring them.

And the pity of it is that this concentration on the things of earth has perverted their sense of values. They, too, want to become like those who have access to those goods, and whom they envy and admire. Whereas, on any rational estimate, it is they themselves that should win public esteem. The community should pay most respect to those who do it most service, to those, on the one hand, who secure its order and stability—its rulers, and on the other, to those who enable it to exist at all. We must own that, though each individually

does comparatively little, the existence and well-being of society as a whole rests collectively upon the workers whether by brawn or brain or both; we could survive and even thrive without that class of well-to-do who spend their lives mainly in selfish pleasure-seeking, but we should perish very soon if the masses ceased to labour for our support.

I am not losing sight of my theme—the proper attitude of the Catholic towards social differences—for it really involves a more fundamental question: how must the believer regard the growing challenge to class distinction of every sort, implied in the attack not only on the present industrial system, but also on the Christian hypothesis, which is wrongly supposed to be vitally connected with it? The dignity of the human person, the essential liberties of man, freedom of conscience, the integrity of the family, the claim to private ownership, the right of association, all those immunities and prerogatives which Christianity has created are now universally threatened—by national systems like those of Germany and Russia and by large and vocal groups amongst all peoples. The spearhead of the movement is materialistic communism, but it draws support from secularists everywhere and from those “liberal” anti-clericals who rightly see in a supernatural religion the chief obstacle to their silly dreams of an earthly paradise. The aim of the revolutionary masses is freedom from the burden of constant hard and monotonous toil which the maldistribution of this world’s goods has laid upon them, and a long-deferred share in the pleasures of this life. These desires are natural and in no sense bad in themselves. They are, in fact, inevitable, once the divine scheme of things is perverted, man being made his own end, and his present existence supposed to be the only one. In their eyes the class-system, based mainly on personal ownership, has proved essentially unjust. Therefore, away with it!

What should be the Catholic answer to this challenge? Are Christians to allow themselves to be careless and apathetic in regard to the advent of this momentous reversal of tradition, inappreciative of its moral bearings or even ignorant of its approach? It is their civilization that is threatened—what are they going to do to save it? To the Catholic Church is due whatever is good in modern civilization, for she was the medium by which the light of revelation was brought to the ancient heathendom and the newer barbarism, establishing in both the recognition of law and justice and charity as the

framework of society. Accordingly, as our leaders are telling them with increasing insistence, the duty of saving civilization by redressing all lawful grievances rests primarily on Catholics. They must learn what is wrong and why: they must do what they can with the remedies that are theirs to cure the maladies of society: they must at least cease to acquiesce in them by silence and condonation. If the salt lose its savour corruption must spread apace. That is why we have now no choice but to examine how the present structure of society, embodying as it does the capitalist wage-system, can be modified, since it is, as all must confess, grievously out of gear. Private enterprise under the spur of personal profit has resulted in over-production and under-consumption of necessary goods, in widespread unemployment, in the "sweating" of labour, in wage-slavery, slum-dwelling, malnutrition, diseases physical and moral—abuses the very prevalence and continuance of which have made us grow callous to their evil. Yet their cause is as plain as themselves—the unchecked and excessive desire of gain. It is useless to look to the secular State for any initiative in remedying this abuse; the natural desire to accumulate wealth is too strong to be checked except by the voice of God speaking through conscience and the Church. Besides, those who rule the State are not as a body sufficiently aware of the ethical bearing of economic processes: they have lost the guidance of religion, and hitherto they have not had, in the practice of the united body of the faithful, what might prove a substitute for official teaching. Therefore, if Catholics do not show them the way out they must remain entangled in a system which in many departments conflicts with morality, and have no means of avoiding the threatened revolution.

In view, then, of what is inevitably coming—a change in the present capitalist wage-system, and a consequent modification in our social relations, all the Catholic has to do is to live up to his Faith. He must learn to really look on social distinctions, well-based or not, as slight and superficial, in comparison with the common underlying equality of human souls. Whether clothed in purple and fine linen or in working-garb the persons thus clad are immortal beings, the objects of God's love. Accordingly, he must see in this fact not only their main claim to his regard but a bond powerful and persistent enough to withstand the sundering tendencies of class. This is the inspiration of those significant words of

the Archbishop of Westminster which stand at the head of this paper, since he speaks for a body whose very *raison d'être* is to become, like their Supreme Head, *servi servorum Dei*, whose task is the care of *souls* and who must needs estimate man's worth not by the accidents of this fleeting life, but by his essential dignity, not lost even by sin, as the work of God's hands. By their summons to the Apostolate all the faithful are reminded that this supernatural view of things is the only right and permanent one, and that therefore what St. James denounces as "acceptance of persons" is most evil in a Catholic. Its hypocrisy and pretence take additional malice from ignoring or contradicting God's estimate of values, and, as it is mainly concerned with the cultus of wealth, from setting aside Our Lord's clear teaching on the virtue of detachment and His denunciation of the covetous. Even on natural grounds it should be shunned, such plain evidence is it of lack of self-respect. Yet how it flourishes, not only in the suburbs, and how prevalent it is even amongst Catholics, cooling their charity, impairing their unity, weakening their efficiency. The world itself ridicules it. A woman wheeling a perambulator was ignored by a passing friend. On her complaining later of the slight, the offender said—"Oh, was that you? I didn't think I knew anyone who wheeled her own pram!"

Accordingly, the Catholic lay apostle, inspired with the ideal of "winning the world for Christ," may well begin the campaign by asking, "Am I a snob, whether in regard to those above or below me—servile towards the former or dictatorial towards the latter? If so, I am likely to be of little use in a crusade which demands a solid foundation of sincerity, humility and love." Classes and groups there must be, but a class spirit which degenerates into the pagan phenomenon of a caste, is in no way essential to the maintenance of different social levels and objects, and should not exist among Catholics who aim at a sincere following of Christ. *Whatever* we do to one of these little ones—whether, that is, it be good or evil—we do to Him. What joy for those who practise charity, what dread for those who don't!

As for the diseases of the industrial system, so much has been written and is still being written on the part Catholics should take in curing them, that it would be mere repetition to dwell upon it here. The difficulties are enormous, but that should not prevent their being courageously faced. Perhaps

they will not seem so formidable at close range. But nothing much will be done if Catholic workers and employers continue to investigate all social problems apart from one another; or if either refuse to study them. Friendly and frequent intercourse is essential for any success. Are there any signs of it? We should be delighted to learn that the employers had made a start by forming an association amongst themselves. The question of the living wage alone demands a thorough discussion. And how helpful towards the realization of Catholic unity, both in the social and industrial sphere, would be the extension of the system of profit-sharing? There are increasing signs in our Catholic papers that the workers are longing for action. They are ashamed of seeing communist placards contrasting the Papal injunctions with actual Catholic practice. They call for leadership.

JOSEPH KEATING.

Our Lady's Lullaby

COLD is the crib where I lay Thee to rest,
Jesus, my Baby Love, Jesus, my Own—
So nestle awhile on thy fond mother's breast
Jesus, my Love and my Own!
Humbly I pillow Thee, gently I croon to Thee,
Dark creep the shadows and chill is the night—
I will sing songs of the stars and the moon to Thee,
Nothing shall harm Thee and nothing affright!

Cold is the world Thou hast come to befriend—
Jesus, my Baby Love, Jesus, my Own,
Dark are the hours Thou art destined to spend
Jesus, my Love and my Own!
Here in the stable are peace and content for Thee—
Oxen breathe fragrantly, fragrant the hay—
Joseph is eager to spend and be spent for Thee—
Rest Thee, my Own, till the coming of day!

R. A. CARTER.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

NEW ZEALAND'S CATHOLIC CENTENARY.

A HUNDRED years ago next January the Catholic Faith dawned upon the islands of New Zealand, themselves a late work of Nature's hand, and abundantly dowered with her blessings. The Catholic authorities have planned a week of thanksgiving and rejoicing to commemorate this Centenary, a week which should attract many Catholic visitors from other lands who have the happy combination of leisure and means needed to make so long a pilgrimage. As a matter of fact, numerous visitors from England and the Continent, including several priests notable as public speakers, are expected to attend.

Actually the birthday of the Church in New Zealand falls on January 10th, since it was on that date, in 1838, that the first Vicar-Apostolic of Western Oceania, Mgr. J.-B. Pompallier, arrived from his native France, in company with a French Marist priest and two Laybrothers. For local reasons the Centenary will not be celebrated till the week beginning on February 27th. The Apostolic Delegate to Australia and New Zealand, Archbishop Panico, is to arrive from Sydney on Saturday, February 26th, leading a strong delegation of Australian prelates, priests and people.

Just as New Zealand is comparatively young in the Faith, so is she young in point of colonization. When Bishop Pompallier arrived in 1838, organized settlement had not begun. Great Britain had not taken possession. White settlement was sporadic, unorganized and totally unauthorized. New Zealand was a veritable "no man's land." Whalers, traders, saw-millers, and a few nondescript Europeans, some of doubtful reputation, inhabited the fringe of its shores at isolated points. For the rest, the country was a wilderness of scrub and forest, inhabited by fierce native tribes, almost continually at war. It became a practice for vessels from the adjacent penal settlements of Tasmania and Australia to touch at the Bay of Islands, on the East Coast of the North Island, and convicts began to find refuge there.

White residents were welcomed by the native Maoris, who were anxious to trade their timber, flax, corn, pigs, potatoes, native weapons and garments for the coveted muskets, ammunition, tobacco, blankets, knives and fish-hooks of the Europeans. Into this hell-broth of shipwrecked and runaway sailors, beachcombers,

escaped and ex-convicts, wherein White licence outvied native savagery, and outraged the very names of civilization and Christianity, without law or even the pretence of government, came a Catholic Bishop. One can imagine that his coming gave scant cause for pleasure to the dregs of white humanity which the country had gathered to its bosom.

Yet friends to welcome the young Bishop were not wanting. Following the best traditions of their race, a small band of Irish Catholic settlers who had landed at Hokianga, north of the North Island, in 1828, had kept the embers of the Faith aglow, without priests or sacraments for ten years. With what joy they pressed forward that summer morning to kiss the episcopal ring of their own pastor, sent them direct by the Supreme Shepherd of Souls! Two names will live for ever in New Zealand Catholic history—those of Bishop Pompallier and “that glorious settler” Thomas Poynton.

For some years before the Bishop's arrival, Poynton, a saw-miller who had established a business at Totara Point, on the Hokianga River, had petitioned the Church authorities in Sydney for a Catholic priest. But none was forthcoming, since the demands for clergy in Australia made it impossible to spare even one priest. Poynton had made several voyages to Sydney, and his wife likewise braved the over 2,000 miles of turbulent Tasman Sea in order that her children might receive the grace of baptism.

So it was that when Bishop Pompallier found himself on New Zealand soil, after the perils of three oceans, and a voyage of thirteen months from France, Irish hearts and Irish hands gave him fervent welcome. Mr. and Mrs. Poynton presented him with their pioneer home till another should be built to his design, and it was in the parlour of the saw-miller's cabin, amidst the silence of river, land and forest, that Holy Mass was celebrated for the first time in New Zealand.

The seed thus sown flourished and spread. To-day, the Catholic Church in New Zealand is established so soundly that visitors from ancient lands, where the Faith has been implanted for centuries, wonder at the progress of one hundred years. Only this year, a Franciscan from Ireland said that many New Zealand parishes were smaller than in his native isle. He was astonished that, in a country so lately carved out of the wilderness, one could be so seldom out of sight of Catholic symbol or sound of Catholic bell. But those one hundred years were a period of unrelenting work and sacrifice.

Bishop Pompallier and his Marist companions had to face first the opposition of resentful Protestant missionaries, established in the country some twenty years before. Throughout the earlier pages of his New Zealand diary, the Bishop refers again and again to the difficulties and dangers deliberately created by heresy,

the Protestant missionaries even inciting the Maoris to threats of violence. But the Bishop was in many respects an ideal missionary pioneer. His work, arduous in the extreme for a people largely uncivilized bore excellent fruits. From time to time additional bands of Marist Fathers were sent to help him, and presently clergy from Ireland began to arrive to assist in the rapidly expanding work.

Statistics concerning Catholic development may not read impressively to eyes accustomed to the figures of old-established countries, but, remembering that the Centenary of New Zealand as a British settlement will not be celebrated till 1940, most people will agree that splendid progress has been made. The total population of New Zealand to-day is, in round figures, 1,500,000. Catholics, numbering 187,000, are less than a seventh of that total. Yet the Catholic Church ranks third in numerical strength on official civil statistics, whilst in point of actual Sunday attendance it is doubtful whether any one Protestant denomination could quote higher figures.

There are four dioceses, Auckland and Wellington in the North Island, Christchurch and Dunedin in the South. Of the 160 parishes, 108 are in the North Island. Churches, some of them only temporary wooden structures but many handsome buildings in stone or brick, number 430. We have it on the word of that high authority, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whom no one would accuse of partisanship, that the Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament in Christchurch, is the finest ecclesiastical building in the country! In all, 260 secular priests and 120 religious clergy, the majority of Irish birth or New Zealand born, look to the spiritual welfare of the people.

The Marist Fathers, Redemptorists, Mill Hill Fathers and Vincentians are well established. Benedictines and Jesuits have both appeared, but have been unable to effect permanent settlements. The Franciscans, who laboured in the Auckland diocese many years ago, will return early in 1938 to found a substantial monastery on Auckland's suburban heights. The combined strength of the Marist Brothers and Christian Brothers, who do magnificent work in the schools, is 117. Nuns, the majority of whom are engaged in works of education, or in caring for the sick, the infirm or orphan children, total 1,718.

Carmelites from Australia established themselves in Christchurch a few years ago, and another Carmel was founded, direct from Australia, this year in Auckland. Both institutions are already receiving New Zealand recruits.

A novitiate for Maori Sisters was opened only a few months ago. So far, missionary effort has not been crowned with the joy of a Maori priest, but in God's good time even this will be

accomplished. One Native candidate has already progressed so far as to have taken his vows in the Society of Mary.

There is a provincial seminary for secular clergy in the South Island, and in the North another large seminary is maintained by the Marist Fathers. In the terrible earthquake of 1931, when Hawke's Bay, on the east coast of the North Island, was devastated, the Marist Seminary was in part destroyed, with appalling loss of life, but it has since been restored and enlarged.¹ Eighty candidates for the priesthood are in training to-day, zealous for parochial and missionary labour. New Zealand-born clergy are at work on several mission-fields, notably in the Solomon Islands. New Zealand's chief Catholic pride is her system of schools and colleges, maintained without State aid. Children in these schools number 26,500. There are 182 primary schools, the majority housed in fine modern buildings, and 58 secondary schools. Twenty-eight Catholic hospitals and charitable institutions, conducted mostly by Sisters of Mercy, Little Sisters of the Poor, the Little Company of Mary, Sisters of Nazareth, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and the Sisters of Compassion, keep the torch of Catholic charity aflame. Incidentally, the last-named order is of New Zealand origin, having been established, after many vicissitudes, in the immediate post-War years. Its foundress was a saintly French woman, who followed in the footsteps of Bishop Pompalier. Without mentioning Catholics, who in such matters are not disposed to anticipate the judgment of the Church, there are to-day many thousands of well disposed non-Catholics who declare that the late Mother Mary Joseph Aubert was indeed a saint and should be regarded accordingly.

If this necessarily sketchy outline of a century of Catholic progress should win the interest of Catholics in countries far from little New Zealand, they are invited to consider the practicability of visiting the Dominion next February and March, combining a holiday in world-famous scenic settings with participation in a week of national rejoicing.

This is not the place in which to extol New Zealand's scenic wonders in any detail. They are already famous throughout the world. From mighty snow-capped mountains, glaciers and placid lakes, to the turbulence of seething geysers, New Zealand presents a thousand amazing contrasts. The Dominion offers such a diversity of attractions that it has been styled "The Pocket Edition of the World." Giant kauri forests of the Far North, weird wonders of the great Rotorua thermal belt, the unique glow-worm grotto of Waitomo Caves, noble groups of volcanic peaks, snow-capped mountains, glorious rivers with fern-laden banks, the grandeur of mighty glaciers, and densely forested walls of fiord-

¹ A vivid account of this earthquake and the devastation it caused appeared in *THE MONTH* for August, 1931.

land are all easy of access. Modern transport in the form of well-equipped railways and daily air-services, providing *de luxe* appointments, caters for the tourist trade. Accommodation in all grades is available, but early reservation should be made by Catholics desirous of spending Centenary Week in Auckland.

G. WEBSTER.

HOW AND WHY COMMUNISM FAILS.

COMMUNISM owes its success in winning followers, not to its own peculiar methods and theories—class hatred and warfare, atheism, materialism and common ownership—but to a method it has no right to use: the appeal to a man's sense of justice. Justice, on its own scheme of things, is an illusion. The only morality Marx admits (as though morality has any place in a materialistic philosophy) is "class-morality": a man is good if he helps his class, bad if he harms it. Not Marx's philosophy, however, but a gospel of fair treatment for the working man, backed up by action against the injustices that oppress him, has converted the majority of those who to-day call themselves Communists. The natural place of Communism is within some organized society which provides a crop of social evils for it to live on. It is a parasite: without a host it must die. When it has itself to organize society, when social evils are its own responsibility, then its war against the unjust is no longer an effective camouflage, and it shows itself in its true colours.

Communism's innate impracticability has been amply shown by Soviet Russia. Even those books which record "conducted tours" in the U.S.S.R. point to this conclusion. Far more so does an account recently published of three years' experience as a worker in the U.S.S.R.—"I was a Soviet Worker," by Andrew Smith.¹ Smith, an American of Hungarian origin,² was a prominent member of the American Communist Party, who in 1932, disheartened by the social disorder around him, decided to leave the U.S.A. and make his home in the Soviet Union, the one country where he was confident he would be happy. He gave his life-savings to his Party and left with his wife for the "Workers' Paradise." He had been there before—on a delegation, and the way he had been treated had confirmed the rosiest accounts of happiness and prosperity in Russia. But when he came back as a worker, he found not a paradise but a hell. There were no banquets and tours this time. Instead he felt himself obliged to write thus to his former

¹ Published by Robert Hale & Co., 1937.

² He could speak Russian—a qualification which many writers on Russia have not had.

associates lest they should be inclined to follow his example:

I see nothing else here but bureaucracy and forced labour. People are starving right in the streets. The Government does not care at all and leaves them out in the cold to die. . . Don't believe the stories you hear that there are no classes in Russia. The workers are divided into categories. Those who work the hardest get the least, while those who have soft hands and the easy jobs get the best of everything. I believe that Socialism will come in the United States much sooner than in the Soviet Union.¹

It was three years before Smith gave up all hope that "true Communism" might come in the Soviet Union. During those three years he strove by persistent criticism—which only his American citizenship made it safe for him to express—to get something done to improve the conditions of the great mass of the Russian people. Those conditions he sums up in a final condemnation of the Soviet Communists by declaring that everything he learnt, as a Communist, to hate and fight in the U.S.A.—insufficient wages, the piece-work system, excessive hours of work, child labour, the prevention of workers' organizations and strikes, lack of provision for the unemployed—he finds "entrenched in its worst form in the Soviet Union. And what is more, nobody is allowed to speak against these evils in the Soviet Union, the Workers' Republic."²

His whole book bears out this indictment with detailed evidence.³ He paints a terrible picture—that of "the greatest of all tragedies" by which the world outside seems to be unmoved. But worse than the bare tale of suffering is the attitude of those who profess to direct the affairs of the U.S.S.R. to the mass of the people. The "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" is a myth; instead there is a bureaucracy—the Communist Party—which is content to trample the workers underfoot in order that, as they say, Communism may be built up. Here is the apologia of one Party member, typical of several others that might be quoted:

If we paid the workers more, then we would all starve. We cannot do that. If we paid higher wages and reduced the price of food, we would not have enough to supply all the people. We, as Communists, must eat and live better than the workers. We have greater responsibilities. Everything depends upon us. . . Don't worry, Comrade Smith, because you do not find conditions as good as you expected to find them here. Don't worry that you saw people dying of hunger.

¹ "I was a Soviet Worker," p. 55.

² *Op. cit.*, pp. 282–284.

³ Besides including photographs of documents showing that he was in the U.S.S.R. and employed there, Smith gives many names of places and persons. His genuineness does not seem to have been challenged by the Communist Press. Silence has doubtless been chosen as the wisest policy.

If twenty millions die of hunger, we will still have plenty of people to continue our work. And what does it matter if millions of people die, as long as we are building Socialism? . . . You have no kick coming. You have enough, haven't you? If you do not have enough, all you have to do is to ask for more. Meanwhile, don't worry about the rest of the workers. Keep yourself strong and healthy. When we have established Socialism, the rest of the workers will have it better too.¹

Smith, an honest idealist, was stunned by this "doctrine of in-human selfishness which made legitimate the privileges and luxuries of a favoured bureaucracy, while the great mass of the people starved." Uncritical loyalty to Stalin is the essential condition of membership of this "favoured bureaucracy," which in turn exacts a similar subservience from the people. Another witness, André Gide, in his "Retour de l'U.R.S.S.,"² though he still thinks the Dictatorship of the Proletariat a feasible conception, strongly condemns the present methods of realizing it. In spite of the patient and hopeful loyalty of the masses, they are governed harshly. "La moindre protestation, la moindre critique, est passible des pires peines, et du reste aussitôt étouffée. Et je doute qu'en aucun autre pays aujourd'hui, fût-ce dans l'Allemagne de Hitler, l'esprit soit moins libre, plus courbé, plus craintif (terrorisé), plus vassalisé."³ And he goes on to admit that there is a Dictatorship in full sway, but not a Dictatorship of the people. It is a Dictatorship of one man. "This is not what one wanted: we might go so far as to say, this is precisely what one did not want."⁴

He draws attention as Smith does to the gross inequality of wages, which again is against Communist theory. This matter is treated in greater detail by a third witness, Sir Walter Citrine, in his book: "I search for Truth in Russia,"⁵ who calls the Soviet technique one of "organized propaganda together with repression," keeping the people subordinated to a comparatively small group of men.⁶ Each factory has its Communist nucleus. All positions of importance are filled by Communists. "To be a member of the Communist Party is to be one of the 'ruling class.'"⁷ As higher wages and more privileges go with such positions, the bureaucracy enjoys a much higher standard of life than the ordinary workers.

It might be added that Citrine, although "conducted" about the U.S.S.R., still managed to see and record so many unpleasant features that his book was vigorously attacked by the Communist

¹ "I was a Soviet Worker," p. 196.

² Published by Gallimard, Paris, 1936.

³ Gide, p. 67.

⁴ Gide, p. 76.

⁵ Published by Routledge, 1936.

⁶ Citrine, p. 157.

⁷ Citrine, p. 256.

Press. Actually the inferences he draws from what he observed err on the side of tolerance—chiefly, it would seem, through his sympathy with economic socialization. But he provides at many points an outline of which Smith fills in the details.

Smith condemns the bureaucrats for their inefficiency as well as for their luxury. He was particularly persistent in pleading for better methods and more reasonable demands upon the workers in the factory where he was employed. Finding that his complaints to factory officials were fruitless he wrote to Stalin himself:

Since neither my factory committee nor party committee would take any action on my complaints, I am compelled to take up matters with you. . . I have found out what is the trouble in my factory and why we cannot go ahead to fill out our programme. The reason is that the workers are dissatisfied with their conditions and that therefore they are not interested in their work and spoil everything. Everybody simply tries to reach his norm [quota], but as to what damage they cause they do not care. They spoil the machinery. The technical directors of the factory do not take any interest. They are simply interested in getting the credit for filling out their programme.¹

And he goes on to complain about the excessive number of propagandists and "straw bosses," who "know nothing and live well," and who more and more arouse the resentment of the workers. This letter was equally fruitless, except that it made him more than ever suspect in official eyes.

Hard conditions and constant repression have not failed to create discontent, although the ruthless vigilance of the Political Police (they at least are efficient!) has made its expression very perilous. Besides meeting much discontent in individual workers, both agricultural and industrial, Smith actually got into touch with some organized "opposition circles"²: and, of course, the steady stream of executions, so casually reported in the papers, indicate that opposition extends far beyond the ranks of the workers.

This, then, is what Communism has come to in Soviet Russia: an enslaved proletariat and a cruel privileged bureaucracy. Communism has failed to create its paradise upon earth; it has even lost those traits which can make it so attractive before it achieves success—its almost religious zeal for justice and its spirit of self-sacrifice. The abolition of private property has not ennobled man—it has practically perverted him. The success of Communism requires that nobody should act out of desire for personal gain and enrichment. A few may, like Smith, be capable of the unselfishness this would demand; but the majority are not, nor can they be

¹ "I was a Soviet Worker," p. 86.

² *Op. cit.*, pp. 231 sqq.

expected to give up so powerful an incentive to activity and efficiency, which has a real and legitimate scope. Abolish it, and efficiency goes too: try to socialize it and the only results are frenzied efforts to gain and hold the privileges of the Communist "ruling class." Far from having transcended the desire to possess, the U.S.S.R. has had to use it, along with other means like ridicule and terrorism, to urge its workers to greater efforts. Anxiety, desperate anxiety, to provide for themselves characterizes the people Smith portrays: the bureaucrats, lest they should lose their place; the proletariat, forced to eke out starvation wages by working with frantic haste and for excessively long hours, by theft and even by prostitution, by sending little children in thousands to beg in the streets, or to delve for food in garbage tins.¹

By the very nature of man Communism is doomed as soon as it succeeds. It builds upon the neglect of one of man's strongest desires: therefore it cannot be a workable system. History has now contributed an independent and undeniable proof of this thesis. The Soviet despotism continues to call itself Communism: we can agree with Smith that it is not Communism as set forth by Marx, but it is that Communism worked out to its inevitable conclusion.

Smith, alas, gives no hint that he suspects this inevitability. The reason perhaps is that he does not know what Communism is. He thinks he is a Communist. But though his economic theories may be Communist,² his "philosophy" is far from Communist. Theory, however, matters but little to him: it is a mere drop in the ocean of his energetic and self-sacrificing zeal for social reform. He must be typical of many so-called "Communists"—a radical because the radicals are so prominent as champions of the oppressed.

How much longer are we going to let the radicals occupy this attractive position? Their campaign is going on in our midst³: for many it is still the only genuine effort being made to help the worker. When every Catholic (in his own measure) begins "to do and to preach"—to know and to take every opportunity of disseminating Catholic Social Theory, and to practise it according to his position—then the success of Communism will receive a fatal check. Much has been done already. But will anyone say our zeal has come near that of the Communists?

JAMES WALLACE.

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 119.

² *Op. cit.*, pp. 228—229.

³ A recent example of their methods is a penny pamphlet on the catering trade—"Catering Scandal," published by the Communist Party of Great Britain in May, 1937. It discloses the very unjust conditions of catering workers in this country and urges those concerned to become active members of their Trade Union. Communist propaganda in this pamphlet is limited to a form of application for joining the Communist Party, and a short note declaring the Party's concern for the workers and its belief that "only Socialism can put an end to poverty and war." Such a pamphlet will win more adherents than a vast amount of direct propaganda.

"JAMAICA TRIUMPHANT."

An Historical Pageant of Jamaica.

QUITE early this year, from January 11th to 14th, there was staged in the chief of the British West Indian islands, a National Pageant entitled "Jamaica Triumphant," organized to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the Catholic Vicariate Apostolic there. The Pageant was the work of the Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., U.S.A., who came to the island expressly to produce it. In this he had the help of other priests of the island, and of a number of residents of all classes and creeds, whose natural talents, developed by his training, produced a spectacular show which could hardly have been rivalled, in the opinion of many visitors, in Europe or elsewhere.

The scene of the Pageant was in the grounds of the Catholic Boys' College, Winchester Park, Kingston, which has for close neighbours the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity and the residence of the diocesan, Bishop Emmet.

The large stage had as frontage a long flight of steps, and a canvas background, depicting typical Jamaican scenery—palms and rivers and distant mountain ranges. The audience were accommodated in a mammoth stand seating many thousands and, as the performances took place after sundown, needing no other canopy than the rich tropical sky spangled with innumerable stars.

The necessary illumination of the stage was provided by powerful lights on either side, which could be varied in colour and intensity and produced most entrancing effects. As for orchestra the music was supplied by the native Military Band, which ranks as one of the best in the world, for the negroes, being exceptionally gifted with musical talent, respond also to the highest training. The vocalists, chorus and soloist, were drawn from the cathedral choir, strengthened by those of the Holy Cross, Holy Rosary and St. Anne churches. Thus, on occasion, the volume of harmonious sound flooded the vast space with sweetness and strength. Costume dancing, single and combined, gave further expression to the cultivated negro soul, and added greatly to the picturesqueness of the stage.

The libretto, so to call it, of the Pageant, from the practised hand of Father Lord took the shape of a duologue between two symbolical figures, male and female, representing severally "History" and "Chronicle" who, through the medium of a loud-speaker, described the successive episodes and tableaux that occupied the stage. They discoursed of the beauty and charm of the island: of the slavery that prevailed there a century ago; of the Church to which alone it could turn for consolation in the present and hope for the future. For, historically, it was the Christian influence of the missionaries that stood between the defenceless

natives and the slave owners who ill-treated them, for they vindicated the rights of those whom the Truth had made free.

To glance at the Pageant itself—its first scene represents the life of the Arawaks, that gentle aboriginal Indian tribe, whom Columbus discovered there in 1494. They were peaceful fisherfolk and agriculturists. In the train of Columbus came the missionaries who introduced Christianity but could not keep the natives from gradual extinction. They had all but disappeared when Admiral Penn, during the Commonwealth, 1655, took the island from the Spaniards who ceded it formally to England in 1670. Crowds of African slaves, not to speak of many Irish barbarously exiled by Cromwell, replaced in time the aborigines, so that now, out of about 1,100,000 inhabitants, over 650,000 are negroes, 160,000 mixed and only 14,000 whites.

In this first scene a beautiful though weird Indian dance was performed.

The second scene deals with the conquering Spanish Settlement, and is filled with revelry and dancing and splendour of living, without neglecting the Christianizing effect of the conquest and the work of the Religious, male and female.

The third scene gives us the interlude of the Buccaneers, degenerate sons of Drake and Hawkins, and warring like their fathers mainly against Spain. They ravage Jamaica in search of gold and treasure and drive out the Spaniards, till finally their crimes provoke divine intervention on behalf of the persecuted Christians, which takes the form shown in the fourth scene, of a terrible earthquake, in the course of which Port Royal, at the extremity of the harbour, is swallowed up by the sea. The stage-effects exhibited in this scene were particularly striking, for the phenomena were within the experience of many of the audience—the dull, drumming roar that heralds an approaching earth-tremor, and the jagged lightning-streaks that add to the terror and confusion.

The fourth scene tells of the woes of slavery under the English domination—Jamaica, which on the whole is the most beautiful spot on the earth, was also the scene of prolonged misery and vice. A few only still worked for God and the human soul, but there was no Claver to bring hope to the slave, as there was in Carthagená, a few hundred miles to the south. Man made a hell of God's paradise. No wonder the slaves finally rebelled.

The contrast comes with Emancipation in 1834 and the fifth scene is one of joy and gladness, wherein the new order manifests itself in friendly relations between the emancipated and their former lords. Real prosperity revives when the blot of slavery is removed, and both English and native express the hopes of the new era. Religion too comes to the fore, when the lives of Christians no longer defy and deny their creed.

The sixth and final scene, dealing with the last century, is like a

Pageant in itself, presenting the many stages through which the Faith has struggled to establish itself as a living light in this fair island. Many saintly names are recalled of those who have given their lives in this service—Dupeyron and Dupont: Mulry, Spillman and Harpes—and churches, schools and sanatoria remain to testify to their great work for God.

A truly magnificent tableau concluded this memorable Pageant. Assembled on the stage, and completely covering the broad stairs leading to it, the actors and actresses in the caste, resplendent in graceful and beautiful costumes present a panorama of great splendour. In the centre are the representatives of the constituents of the Commonwealth, with Jamaica triumphant at their head: a small child in comparison to the other great dependencies, nevertheless possessed of a unique and inalienable charm.

We may safely say that never in all the history of the island has there been exhibited there so thrilling a spectacle, and we do not wonder that those responsible for it were congratulated vehemently, not only by the Catholics of the Vicariate, but by the other religious establishments and by the civil power itself.

H. V. ORMSBY MARSHALL.

"THE MONTH" FORWARDING SCHEME

A year ago we published an article called "Christmas in Exile" pointing out the hardships involved in spending the holy season away from home and friends, as do so many of our missionaries who have sacrificed all to fulfil Christ's command—go and teach all nations. On the trials of such brave pioneers, however cheerfully borne, we have each Christmas based a suggestion that there may be those amongst our readers who would like to supply by direct subscription a MONTH to a lonely missionary for the coming year, giving him thus the welcome assurance of our sympathy and sharing at slight cost the merit of his devotion to the Incarnate Saviour. And each year generous readers have responded gladly to this suggestion and thus consoled many missionaries whose pathetic letters asking for reading matter have long lain before us. The letters of thanks we have received we cannot alas! quote from this month for lack of space, but they prove what a boon our Forwarding Scheme is to these solitary priests and how deeply they appreciate the kindness of those at home who, amid their own Christmas rejoicings, think with kindliness of those in exile. We have actually twenty-five still on our waiting list—what a delightful thing it would be if we could inspire an equal number of our friends to emulate in this way both the Shepherds and the Kings in making offerings at the Crib!

See further on page 576.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

- CATHOLIC HERALD:** Nov. 19, 1937. **Both Rhyme and Reason**, by W. J. Blyton. [A fine eulogy of Dryden's defence of the Faith in "The Hind and the Panther."]
- CATHOLIC TIMES:** Nov. 19, 1937. **The Servile State in Russia**, by Douglas Newton. [Further evidence, based upon the recantation of a former Communist, of the appalling State-enslavement in Soviet Russia.]
- CLERGY REVIEW:** Nov., 1937. **The People and the Liturgy**, by Very Rev. Canon E. J. Mahoney. [Some valuable and balanced suggestions as to how the laity may take their proper share in the Liturgy.]
- COLUMBIA:** Nov., 1937. **Franco Speaks for Himself**, by J. F. Thorning, S.J. [A clear and satisfactory exposition of the aims of Nationalist Spain by the General, made to the author.]
- DOWNSIDE REVIEW:** Oct., 1937. **The University of Salzburg**, by Rev. E. Quinn. [A good account of the efforts now being made to establish a Catholic University in Austria for the protection and development of German Catholic culture.]
- ETUDES:** Nov. 20, 1937. **Le Problème de l'Athéisme vu par Dostoievsky**, by Stanislaus de Lestapis. [The first part of a study of unbelief in the Russian novelist, which will help us to understand the pre-Bolshevik mentality.]
- IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD:** Nov., 1937. **The Religious Revival under Salazar**, by R. S. Devane, S.J. [One of a series of informative articles about the New Portuguese State, showing its sound Christian basis.]
- IRISH ROSARY:** Oct., 1937. **Red Culture in Ireland**, by G. M. Godden. [A timely account of the efforts of the Communists to penetrate into Ireland through Press and Book Clubs.]
- SIGN:** Nov., 1937. **The Enigma that is France**, by R. Burnham Clinton. [An analysis of the shifting political and religious currents in France, which make her future so conjectural.]
- TABLET:** Nov. 20, 1937. **The Church and Fascism**. [An Editorial, shrewdly exposing the "liberal" fallacies which underlie the current adverse criticism of the Absolute State, and also lurk in much "democratic" thought.]
- UNIVERSE:** Nov. 19, 1937. **Training the New Marxist Army**. [Editorial giving a badly needed warning of the activity of the "Left Book Club" which is the latest device for winning the middle classes over to Marxism.]
- VIE ECONOMIQUE ET SOCIALE:** Nov. 15, 1937. **Le juste prix**, by A. Muller, S.J. [A clear exposition of this cardinal point of economic morality.]

REVIEWS

I—SPAIN¹

THE Founder of Christianity in His last hour summed up His mission in these words—"I am come into the world that I may witness to the Truth." And Pilate, just as explicitly, voiced the world's reaction to that witness by his careless or scornful reply—"What is Truth?" And this has been the world's persistent attitude ever since, in face of the continued witness to the Truth maintained by the institution which speaks with Christ's authority on matters of divine revelation—the Catholic Church: so much so that it was known early in its history as "a sect everywhere contradicted." Wherefore, Catholics speaking in the interests of their Faith still meet with the same handicap—the reluctance of the world to heed their testimony, and its readiness to accept whatever tells against them. This has emphatically been the case in regard to Spain. The public mind, wherever non-Catholic influence prevails, has resisted the truth about the Spanish issue, in spite of the indisputable facts which declare it, mainly because of its antecedent conviction that Catholics cannot be right. But it is becoming more difficult, thanks to the efforts of writers such as those under review, for honest non-Catholics to shut their eyes to the real character of the Spanish civil war, viz., that it is radically a life and death struggle between Christian civilization and the conception of a culture from which God and the supernatural are wholly excluded. Such books, then, are to be welcomed and multiplied, the more so because public opinion outside the Church has so largely become secularist and indifferent to the survival of Christianity. However, the fight is by no means lost whilst writers like these have their vogue. They are relatively few, but what they tell is the great and ultimately-prevailing truth.

Captain McCullagh, a veteran war correspondent, with the cosmopolitan outlook which many years' experience of fighting all over the world, residence and work in both hemispheres, and a wide knowledge of foreign tongues are calculated to confer, has determined to retire from his profession and therefore has the less scruple about saying frankly and fully what he thinks about the short-sighted and inconsiderate way in which newspapermen have been treated by the Nationalists in Spain, and about the unneces-

¹ (1) *In Franco's Spain*. By Francis McCullagh. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Illustrated. Pp. xxii, 330. Price, 12s. 6d. (2) *Spanish Rehearsal*. By Arnold Lunn. London: Hutchinson & Co. Pp. 285. Price, 10s. 6d. (3) *Conflict in Spain*. By G. M. Godden. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. vii, 112. Price, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. (4) *Catalonia Infelix*. By E. Allison Peers. London: Methuen. Pp. xx, 326. Price, 10s. 6d.

sary hardships they had to encounter. The bulk of the book, indeed, is about these relatively minor matters, for during the nine months which he spent there behind the lines he saw little or nothing of the actual fighting but very much of the chaos in the rear. This, as he freely allows, was but natural, in a combative force which had to be almost entirely created from civilian material, and had to improvise hurriedly all the departmental activities by which armies in the field are served. As natural, too, was the suspicion with which foreigners, who were not volunteer soldiers, were regarded and treated by the officials, since at first the Nationalist territory was thick with spies who had to be gradually eliminated. The value of this record lies mainly in the largely-unconscious witness it conveys to the skill, perseverance and determination with which the Spanish Nationals, handicapped by lack of money and stores, and by ignorance of the value of persistent propaganda, managed to keep always on the offensive, and to restore order and comparative prosperity to the country which they gradually reclaimed from the ravages of the Reds. The story is told with the practised ease of the skilled correspondent, and enlivened throughout with reminiscences of the author's previous adventures, sketches of the various official "types" he encountered, and reflections on the character of the conflict itself, and the very equivocal reactions it has caused in the "democratic" countries. In a Preface and Appendix he gives a careful and reasoned appreciation of the conflict in progress and of future possibilities, not concealing the difficulties with which the Generalissimo, so stupidly maligned by Red sympathizers here and in France, has at present, and will have later on, to surmount. We trust that in a later edition, now that the Spanish Bishops' letter has done so much to clarify the situation, and that the Northern campaign has been brought to a successful issue, Mr. McCullagh will amplify these reflections. It is noteworthy that he emphasizes the point, also stressed by the hierarchy, that the insurrection was at the outset purely secular, and that the role of the Church as such has been that of intercession for both parties, and of profound gratitude towards those who have fought in her defence.

Mr. Arnold Lunn, in *Spanish Rehearsal*, also contributes personal experiences of the Nationalist Front in Spain, and, moreover, he has been (and still is) an active and efficient combatant in the world-wide war in the Press which lends such tremendous support to the forces in the field. His book divides itself naturally into a record of what he himself saw, and of what he has done to vindicate the truth about the objects and methods of the belligerents, so shamefully and persistently misrepresented from the first by the Reds and their sympathizers everywhere. His adventures in the first part are told with a quickness of observation which nothing humorous or pathetic escapes, and with a philosophic

analysis of causes and effects which relieves the superficial sordidness and horror. His "explanation" of General De Llano as broadcaster is a masterpiece. Like Captain McCullagh he, too, visited the Alcazar and was able to learn details of the relief from those who had a share in it. Happily, Geoffrey Moss's account of that "epic" has placed it once for all amongst the universally-acknowledged triumphs of heroism in the history of man. Returning from Spain, Mr. Lunn devoted his keen mind and sparkling pen to "debunking" the anti-Franco legend, and exposing the always wrong-headed and often malicious falsehoods which support it. As a collection of testimonies from over-candid Reds and disillusioned "Liberals," this section is particularly valuable, and its exposure of the hopeless inconsistency of prominent English "Christian" supporters of Valencia is scathing. What we insinuated at the beginning, the unconscious obsession of an inveterate hatred of Catholicism seems to be the ultimate cause of the moral and mental obliquity of so many decent people. In Mr. Lunn's lively book they have, at least, the means provided of recovering their sight.

Taking as a motto "it is not words but facts that talk and convince," Miss G. M. Godden has been at pains to collect and publish in *The Conflict in Spain* copious selections from the evidence which Communist writings provide in such abundance, to prove that the so-called "civil" war has been, at least on the Valencia side, only an episode in the world-wide assault of atheism on the foundations of civilization, an assault which has already reached its culmination in Russia. Her first chapter discusses—a fact which many English adherents blindly ignore—the long years of preparation, dating back indeed to the secularist influence of the French Revolution, that went to the formation of that outburst of primitive savagery in modern Spain, which is proving so hard to subdue. Atheist France has been the evil genius of Spain ever since the Terror, and even now has blindly joined Russia in the desperate attempt to exterminate the ancient Catholic tradition of the Peninsula. The author traces the various stages whereby secularism established itself in the Government of Spain with the concomitant result of weakening the influence of Christianity and paving the way for the shallow, false and seductive ideals of atheist Russia. Even so, the appalling numbers of the working class lost to religion in these latter days makes one wonder whether Spanish Catholics have not been too submissive to lawlessness in their rulers, and too content to postpone "the deluge" in order to live their day in comfort. In this little book, there is abundant matter for the new Spain to consider; and indeed for Catholics everywhere, and the lesson it teaches is that if man is not zealous for the rights of God, his own rights will ultimately be destroyed by the godless.

To Professor Allison Peers's former book *The Spanish Tragedy* published about a year ago and welcomed in our pages last November—a book which ran through six editions, constantly revised—the Christian public owes a clear and convincing justification of the revolt in the previous summer which did much to counteract the poison-gas of falsehood with which that revolt was first met. That volume will remain to tell future generations the truth, when the ignorant, incompetent and malicious British effusions in defence of atheism and anarchy masquerading as democracy, have very properly perished. Now the same author, in another weighty volume called *Catalonia Infelix*, attacks the problem of "regionalism," particularly in the N.E. portion of Spain—that determination of the Basques and the Catalonians to resist the centralized Government of Castile, which has made Spain throughout its history the scene of a periodic civil war, either latent or active. Although all Spain is his province, the Professor is a leading authority on Catalonia, and his history of this people, which he does not scruple to call a nation, explains what seems to us, who long ago decided that a Heptarchy contained six States too many, a genuine mystery—the failure of the inhabitants of the Peninsula to coalesce into one people. Anyhow, the ideal of an autonomous Catalonia goes back a long way in history, and when the last New-World provinces of the Spanish empire were taken away, the *raison d'être* of a strong unitary State disappeared as well, and "regionalism" in the sections at the east and west extremities of the Pyrenees speedily revived. It was from favouring these aspirations that the Republic of 1931 gained much of its strength, and, as we know, the prospect of their denial by the Franco Government caused many Basques and Catalonians to ignore religious issues and side with the professed enemies of their Faith. The earlier history of Catalonia, its growth, its culture, its decline, and finally its gradual resurgence especially during the last hundred years provide the essential material for understanding the present situation, since, as usual, the suppression by force of lawful political aspirations leads to the growth of revolutionary extremism. Long before the Russian Bolsheviks gave such impetus to atheistic communism, the influence of anarchism and syndicalism, both separatist doctrines, had spread amongst the Spanish workers especially in Barcelona, and gradually the national movement became permeated and corrupted by that desperate revolt against religion, as well as against civil authority which, unchecked by anti-clerical liberalism, has disgraced Spanish revolutionary politics ever since, and has made the recent history of Catalonia a tragedy indeed. Mr. Peers believes in the fundamental Catholicity of Catalonia and laments the wild political and anti-religious theories which have so compromised its efforts for freedom. Valuable as his historical retrospect is, most people will turn first to those later

chapters which tell of the fortunes of the State under the 1931 Republic and since the beginning of the civil war, when Red savagery has ruined so much of religious and social life. The author thinks that the wisest policy of the Nationalist victors will be to make peace with the Catholic Catalans by fulfilling Franco's promise that "the peculiarity of each region will be respected, according to the old national tradition." Mr. Peers writes with studied moderation and his witness will be the wider spread and more weighty on that account. Yet Catholics will still desire a fuller account of the fortunes of the Church in Catalan history.

J.K.

2—THE PRISONER OF THE TEMPLE¹

THE French Revolution continues to exercise its fascination and to provoke historical investigation, biography and romance. Mr. J. B. Morton has followed up his volume of a year ago, "The Bastille Falls," with a further study of the period, this time of the ill-fated son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, whose short career was one of vicarious suffering for wrongs in which he had had no share. But it is no mere popular retelling of a tale of deeply human, if melancholy, interest. The author has gone to the sources themselves and the result is a sympathetic biography, presented in a clear and graphic manner and with a keen sense of dramatic values.

It is not in itself an account of the Revolution but an attempt to see that Revolution through a small window of the Temple prison and with the eyes of an amazed and rapidly sickening boy. We are given a picture of the child of five or six with his delight in soldiers and their uniforms and his love for gardens. Even in the Tuileries they set aside a little patch for him; but after the return from Varennes it ran to seed and he dared no longer venture there. There is a short account of the events from 1789 to 1792 and of the child's frightening experiences during the march of the women and the flight from and return to Paris. With the victory of the Commune over the Assembly in 1792 began the imprisonment in the Temple. This period with its increasing hardships is portrayed in detail. Mr. Morton does not pile on the horrors. He is fair to both sides and can at times glimpse a rough kindness under a crude and debased exterior, and recognize the mutual fear and suspicion among the warders and commissioners, which as much as anything else prevented a more humane treatment of the prisoners. Indeed his very restraint of style and manner serves but to bring out the tragedy of the boy's story.

¹ *The Dauphin*. By J. B. Morton. London: Longmans. Pp. xiv, 298. Price, 12s. 6d. n. 1937.

For the fate which befell both King and Queen he can discover reason, if not justification: and not all the vileness and horror of the Revolution, he would maintain, "should distract our attention from the vision which better men had seen, and which they followed to the end." But "for this one death, for this slow killing of a little boy, there is nothing to be said. He was still alive, still a year from his death, when . . . the Revolution passed from doubt and uncertainty, and became an established thing. . . His death was willed by those in power because his life was an embarrassment to them. So long as he remained the French Monarchy existed. Had they assassinated him in a fit of fury history would find it easier to pardon them."

From January till July, 1794, a nervous boy of eight and a half years was shut up in a room alone. It is possible to reconstruct the story of those months only from tradition and from probability. Symptoms of tuberculosis manifested themselves, coupled with a torturing skin disease, the result of confinement and neglect. Barras visited him late in July to find him lying on a cradle bed with coverings in a room indescribably filthy, neither the door nor window of which had been opened for six months. His health was too far impaired to benefit from the better treatment and the medical attention now at last given him. He died and was buried with great secrecy the next year.

The secrecy which surrounded his burial and the mystery which hid the details of his final year in the Temple, as well as, thinks Mr. Morton, the natural tendency of human nature to desire a picturesque ending to every story, have led to the suggestion that the Dauphin really escaped from prison and some unfortunate substitute was left there to die and be buried in his stead. Mr. Morton deals critically and crushingly with this hypothesis and in the concluding chapters gives the history of four of the principal Pretenders, who at one time or other imposed upon a large number of people. It is possibly a small comfort to realize that other ages have been credulous like our own.

It is customary to say that a book reads like a novel. This is meant presumably as a compliment in spite of the dreariness of much fiction. I have read many duller novels than the biography which Mr. Morton has given us. It has all the qualities of the best of novels: human interest and character, colour and life.

J.M.

3—PATRONIZING THE FATHERS¹

THERE is no period of Christian history more full of interest than the fourth century when the Church emerged from the Catacombs and endeavoured to adjust herself to a world that was

¹ *Pilgrims were they All*. By Dorothy Brooke. London: Faber & Faber. Pp. 357. Price, 12s. 6d. n.

in a ferment of secular change. To understand such a period, one needs infinite sympathy and a readiness to allow that the standards of the twentieth century are not necessarily a just criterion of what people in other ages either believed or practised. There is no law of nature which affirms that a clean shirt is more acceptable to God than a clean heart, yet that is the impression conveyed by many Protestant books dealing with the early Christian ascetics. It appears once more in a book of studies of fourth-century life by Lady Brooke, the first of which is devoted to the Desert Fathers. Lady Brooke writes beautifully and is very learned, but her fastidiousness and predilection for easy gibes utterly spoils what might have been an interesting attempt to understand men such as St. Antony or St. Simeon Stylites. Of Simeon we are informed at the very start that his pillar "grew from five feet high to fifty, and the crowd round its base increased, tolerated and even encouraged by Simeon, who did not care how large it was now that he had found out how to be admired without being squashed." That neatly docketts Simeon and his like for us: "His pillar was a symbol of the lengths to which a man may be compelled to go in order to cause a sensation in a crowded profession." On turning to Lady Brooke's elaborate bibliography, I was not surprised to find no mention of Père Delehaye's "*Les Saints Stylites*," but in place thereof Anatole France's "*Thaïs*," Kingsley's "*The Hermits*" and Flaubert's "*La Tentation de Saint Antoine*." Is this to write history, or to play the cheap game invented by Voltaire? Lady Brooke is so condescending, so arrogantly patronizing in her attitude to those desperately earnest old athletes of God that even her wit will hardly save her from the charge of being vulgar-minded.

The second section of the book is devoted to the pilgrim lady, Etheria, whom our authoress, true to her sneering role, suggests "should be solemnly canonized with all due formality and pomp, the pilgrim's tutelary, the tourist's patron saint." Next comes a long study of the heretic Pelagius, who, we are told, "owes his fame, and owed his condemnation as a heretic, to his defence of free will: he was its first public defender in the Christian world, as against fatalism and strict causality and their theological embodiment, the doctrine of original sin, with all its implications." This is to simplify history with a vengeance. St. Augustine, of course, comes out of the story much battered and St. Jerome fares even worse. The truth is that Lady Brooke is wholly uninterested in theology, and so is beautifully indifferent to what people believed provided she can make an effective story out of their quarrels. She opines at the close of this section that "the majority of well-disposed Anglicans . . . are at heart Pelagian heretics to-day."

The book concludes with a study, nearly a hundred pages long, of St. Gregory Nazianzen. It is less marred by condescension

and meretricious *bons mots* than the other sections, for Lady Brooke is more in sympathy with her subject, but her understanding of theology is as peculiar as before. Thus, "the Trinitarians, or, as they called themselves, the Catholics, derived their difficult conception of the Trinity from the later Platonic dialogues." Shade of Père Lebreton! The general impression conveyed by the book is that of an author moving about in worlds not realized. Lady Brooke's studies are practically without a background, and consequently bear that air of flippant amateurishness which is the nemesis of all work uncontrolled by charity and humility.

J.B.

4—AN ESSAY IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY¹

MR. BLISS has hitherto been known as a writer by a number of admirable descriptions of English Waterways, seen mainly from a canoe on their surface, sketches made the more readable by the use of a fine literary gift in the best traditions of the English Essayist. Now he has given fuller development to the same faculty in setting down the story of a longer journey—his passage through life up to his thirty-first year—and has continued to create a fascinating compound of action and reflection, shot through with abundant humour and exhibiting a sound moral judgment. His narrative is a striking illustration of the theory that, given a well-stored mind and a sense of style, almost any life, however uneventful, can be turned into literature. In the three decades he deals with, Mr. Bliss met with few strange adventures nor travelled much beyond France and Italy. He had a public school education, studied the law and became a capable solicitor, but he seems to have reserved his main energies for his holidays which he savoured to the full and of which he retains abundant recollections, attractively served up for our consumption. Much of his boyhood was spent in Oxford, near which he was born and of which as it was in the seventies he gives a pleasing and intimate picture. He does not say as much as we should like of his school-days at Stonyhurst, a school with a history and tradition of its own, and a fit subject for his skilful pen. But he makes some amends by drawing a capital character-study of one who for a number of years *was* Stonyhurst and became its historian—the late Father John Gerard, a headmaster of exceptional ability and brilliance both in letters and natural science, one calculated to make a deep impression upon a clever schoolboy, possessed of a pronounced literary bent and himself a lover of nature.

Refusing a University career lest his younger brothers' educa-

¹ *Pilgrimage of Grace*. By William Bliss. London: H. F. & G. Witherby, Ltd. Pp. 213. Price, 8s. 6d. n.

tion should suffer, Mr. Bliss did his law studies in London, and his keen observation and ready memory have preserved many amusing anecdotes of the legal luminaries of his time—we may say that he excels in the art of reporting conversations, which he makes life-like and convincing; much of the philosophy of his narrative is conveyed by dialogue between a certain Eugenius and himself—which we should like to quote. But he hurries to his holidays always, on English rivers, on French walking tours, and especially in Rome, where, owing to his father's official position, he got to know various interesting and important people, and to learn the city itself, *Leone regnante et Pio*. One of his most delicate pen-pictures is that of an old English convert to Catholicism, exiled by his Protestant family and cut off with not much more than a shilling, on which he maintained a pious and patient existence for many years. He was privileged to meet Pope Leo more than once. We were delighted to find amongst his Roman sketches one which originally appeared in our pages, devoted to his intercourse with Padre Cardella, the Pope's confessor, who seems to have treated the young Englishman with a charming courtesy which contrived to be spiritually instructive as well.

His life in London brought him into contact with many distinguished clients, whose characteristics he recalls, and business took him for a spell to Ireland during the Land Campaign, to re-instate evicted tenants on a Kerry estate. But we need not linger more over a book which will probably have a wide circulation, once its uncommon merits become known, except to call attention to a chapter on human love and marriage wherein he delivers, for the benefit of his friend Eugenius, one of the finest descriptions of the Christian ideal from the natural point of view which we have read anywhere, coupled as it is with a scathing denunciation of modern perversions of the marriage relation. This is marred slightly towards the end by a passage which seems to palliate the atrocity if committed under stress of financial stringency by those who have already begotten a family. There are undoubtedly degrees of guilt, but the sin remains in every circumstance a detestable thing in God's sight.

Various verse selections which make occasional chapter headings show that Mr. Bliss can excel in poetry as well as prose.

But why does such a well-read man give further vogue to an old error by ascribing to Tertullian—*Credo quia impossibile*—a phrase which neither he nor any other Doctor of the Church ever used? In his next edition—and may there be many!—he must remove that blemish. And will he please remember that there is much yet of his Pilgrimage to narrate?

J.K.

SHORT NOTICES

APOLOGETIC.

WE might describe Abbot Vonier's latest book, **The People of God** (B.O. & W.: 5s.), as a natural sequel to others he has written, describing the Church under various aspects. Here he writes of that solidarity, that "united front," which belongs to those who have God as the beginning and end of their lives. They are one in many ways; but above all, in the present volume, he would emphasize their power in the world for the good of men. He goes back to the Old Testament, traces the action of God's people in the New under its King and Shepherd, dwells especially on its relations with God Himself, its dealings with Him and His dealings with it. All the time he emphasizes the graces that come to the corporate body as contrasted with those of the individual soul; in this respect his treatment of the sacraments and the Mass is specially illuminating.

Father John C. Heenan has produced in **Priest and Penitent** (Sheed & Ward: 7s. 6d. n.) a book which puts before the laity, in the simplest and most direct way, everything that should be known and realized about the Sacrament of Penance, and this includes much that many of the faithful have never originally grasped or not retained, much that establishes the tribunal in the true light as a court of mercy and consolation, where everything is intended for the good of the penitent. It still, however, remains a tribunal and that is why, in default of an adequate self-accusation, the judge therein is sometimes obliged to ask questions, which should not be resented. The whole matter is treated with great understanding and sympathy and with such a realization of difficulties and possible errors, that it will, we think, bring light and comfort to many souls. The chapter giving the priest's "point of view" will prove exceptionally illuminating to the laity, as will that too which explains what *not* to do when going to confession.

HOMILETIC.

The third volume of **Apologetics for the Pulpit**, by Father Aloysius Roche (B.O. & W.: 6s.), deals with the Sacraments, many Sacramentals, and other allied subjects. Thus, under Penance we have a chapter on the Seal of Confession, under the Holy Eucharist one on the Liturgy of the Mass, under Matrimony a section on Celibacy, etc. Father Roche, in this volume almost more than in its predecessors, provides abundant matter for illustration from all kinds of sources, historical, literary, theological. There is also the same careful ordering of material as before, with the "conclusion" to each section. But we would recommend this

volume for ordinary reading, as well as for pulpit preaching; it teems with details of interest for any Catholic reader.

A small booklet, **The Last Words from the Cross** (B.O. & W.: rs.), contains the substance of Good Friday discourses preached in New York by Father Edwin Essex, O.P. The sermons follow conventional lines and develop those familiar thoughts which the faithful rightly prefer to any novelty on that particular day. The style is clear, pleasing and, though subdued, not without eloquence.

DEVOTIONAL.

The Rev. P. M. Endler, of Boerne, Texas, tells us in his attractive booklet **Our Blessed Mother** (Herder: 2s. 6d.), that we tend to use that other title, "Our Lady," in too formal a way, and accordingly, in three essays, he develops with fervour the other title which he has chosen. His book is full of illustrations, taken chiefly from the Gospels and the lives of the saints, encouraging the reader to affectionate devotion, and to the self-surrender that must follow. Father Endler is an advocate of Blessed Grignon de Montfort's methods; also he dwells long on the virtues of the "Miraculous Medal."

Father Ambruzzi, S.J., has followed up his two excellent commentaries on the Spiritual Exercises by a book of quite a new kind: **The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius made Easier** (Coldwell: 2s. 6d.). It consists of the main meditations and lines of the Exercises, given by means of pictures on one page, and appropriate colloquies on another. Thus it forms a kind of illustrated prayer book founded on the Exercises, which might be of great service, especially during the "free time" in a retreat. A table at the end adapts the parts of the Exercises to the seasons of the Church's year.

No sooner have Messrs. Sheed and Ward done with one distinguished foreign author for the time being, if we may so express it, than they proceed to unearth another. First Karl Adam and now Julius Tyciak. A work of the latter, **Life in Christ** (5s. n.), has been translated from the German though the author's name would suggest something still further eastwards, presumably Hungary. The writer's purpose is to apply the thought of the German theologian, Scheeben, to the religious life and to indicate that Christian life, like theological thought itself moves round two central points: the mysteries of the Blessed Trinity and the Holy Eucharist. Since, however, the Eucharist is the most profound revelation of the Trinity and elevates us to the life of God, these two mysteries make but one, which thus becomes the central focus of life and being. In a number of short chapters this general principle is developed. Emphasis is laid upon devotion to the Holy Spirit in order that we may understand the spirit life of the children of God. The soul elevated by grace partakes in its own

manner of the attributes of God Himself. The Eucharist is a special source of this grace and the whole Liturgy of the Church an expression of the reality by which we are "consortes divinæ naturæ." A truly spiritual book that will deepen our sense of union with God and would provide a sound and excellent basis for meditation.

The beautiful little book just published containing a selection of Cardinal Merry del Val's **Spiritual Directions** (B.O. & W. : 2s. 6d.) consists of extracts from his conversation and correspondence during over thirty years with one of his spiritual children, who, much to our profit, has determined to share them with the world. The Archbishop of Westminster contributes an introduction, in which he speaks from personal knowledge of the Cardinal's holiness.

Father Faber's translation of Blessed de Montfort's **Treatise on True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin** has been republished by Burns, Oates & Washbourne (1s. 6d.) in a handy size with the original preface by Cardinal Vaughan. This well known classic will surely find a large sale in its new form.

Mr. John Gibbons has done "Our Lady's Own Order" a great service by his interesting little booklet called **The Annunciade** (The Convent of the Annunciation, St. Margaret-at-Cliffe, 6d.), giving the history of the royal foundress and details of the Sisters' daily routine. This contemplative order, not so rigorous as the Poor Clares or Carmelites, should appeal to many who desire to devote themselves to religion but are not endowed with abundant physical strength.

Father W. Raemers, C.S.S.R., has written a most useful and practical little book on prayer, **The Key to the King's Kingdom** (B.O. & W. : 1s.), which should encourage many who find prayer difficult, and help others who are more advanced to persevere in this most necessary Christian exercise. How necessary it is this useful treatise shows by many cogent reasons.

Little need be said of a most delightful Saint's life—**The Secret of St. Margaret Mary** (Sheed & Ward: 2s. 6d. n.)—than that it is the story of the Saint of the Sacred Heart and is told by Henri Ghéon in his own inimitable way—a service which he has already done to others.

HISTORICAL.

Mr. Edward Eyre whose generosity made possible the monumental work published by the Oxford University Press under the general title of *European Civilisation* just lived to see the completion of the fifth volume. This deals with **The Economic History of Europe since the Reformation** (25s. n.: set of seven volumes, £6 6s. od. n.). The previous parts are so well known and their value so universally recognized that it is unnecessary to enter here

into much detail concerning the fifth. This traces the effect of the religious changes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries upon economic theory and development, and treats of the peasantry of Europe and the growth of agriculture as well as the advancement of industry up to our own day. A second section outlines the development of Banking, Finance and Monetary Institutions: while in succeeding parts different political and sociological doctrines are explained and evaluated. The book is amazingly comprehensive but for all that it does not lose in exactness and serious scholarship. The various articles are the work of competent, in many cases outstanding, authorities and no better introduction to this none too easy subject can be imagined for the earnest student. Even the specialist will find it balanced, thorough and stimulating.

Three further volumes have been issued in the Second Spring Series of Messrs. Longmans which is designed to form a collection of Catholic studies worthy of lasting attention. All three have already been recognized as meriting that qualification. Mr. Evelyn Waugh's brilliant biography of **Edmund Campion** (3s. 6d.) is too well known to need further comment. *Punch* has deemed it the best of the author's works and competent reviewers have acclaimed the union of a story of sacrifice and faith and heroism with a perfect prose style. Dr. Mathew's **Catholicism in England 1535—1935** has enjoyed an equally appreciative press and is an excellent sketch, studded with witty and penetrating portraits, of the varying fortunes of English Catholics against the background of the national life. Mr. Trappes-Lomax's life of **Bishop Challoner: 1691—1781** (6s.) is an admirable biography and gives a careful description of a difficult period for Catholics, lit by the picture of a vivid and saintly personality.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The simplicity of diction which Miss Teresa Lloyd has turned into fine art is wonderfully illustrated in her latest book, **Saint Dominic and his Sons** (Sands: 3s. 6d.), written "for boys and girls." She writes in their language yet it is never jejune; like *Our Lord Himself* she thinks their thoughts, knows their level, yet can give them in their own words the highest ideals. Half of this book is concerned with St. Dominic himself; the rest contains short studies of Dominican saints and heroes from Blessed Jordan of Saxony to Father Bede Jarrett. There are four good illustrations. A book which will inspire every boy or girl who reads it.

A children's book, written in the language of children but by no means childish, **The Guardian Angel's Hour**, *Bed-time Stories of the Saints*, from the German of Sophie zu Eltz (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.), contains accounts of thirteen saints, each of which might

be taken as a kind of child's meditation at the end of a day. They are well told and vivid. Vigorous illustrations by A. V. Inglis will also appeal to the child reader.

Monsignor O'Connor speaks of his charming book—**Father Brown on Chesterton** (B.O. & W.: 5s. n.)—as a "patchwork narrative" and this is no inapt description. It is possibly too patchwork even for a volume of personal reminiscences and is nearly as shapeless as the proverbial umbrella of Father Brown himself. There is, of course, far too little of "Father Brown" and we have to turn to the *Autobiography* for the real origin of that character. However, Monsignor O'Connor confesses, "the flat hat is true to life, but it perished in its prime, for it was wrong as wrong for my style of architecture. The large and cheap umbrella was my defence against wearing an overcoat, and the sapphire cross figuring in the first of the stories must have been a reminiscence of my boast that I had just bought five sapphires for five shillings . . . brown paper parcels . . . I carried them whenever I could, having no sense of style in deportment." The book is largely a record of many and sometimes casual discussions between two great friends. But it contains also the story of Chesterton's approach towards the Catholic Faith. He told the writer . . . this was as early as 1912 and they were travelling back by train to Ilkley . . . that he had made up his mind to be received into the Church and was only waiting for his wife to come with him, as she had led him into the Anglican Church out of Unitarianism. The decision was delayed. After a long and serious illness he wrote again to his clerical friend (this time in 1920) that "I shall probably want to talk to you, about very important things . . . the most important things there are." As is well known, he was received into the Church on July 30, 1922. "It was a sight for men and angels (a few days before) to see him wandering in and out of the house with his fingers in the leaves of the little book (the Penny Catechism), resting it on his forearm whilst he pondered with his head on one side." All who have found in the writings of G.K.C. inspiration, fun, and the soundest of sound sense and those of that smaller company who were privileged to know him personally, will find in this short volume incidents and reports of conversation that they will cherish and enjoy. It is said that Chesterton through many years of controversy never made an enemy. And H. G. Wells is reported to have said that if ever he should get to Heaven, presuming that there is a Heaven, "it would be through the intervention of Gilbert Chesterton." There is much G.K.C. here, and this is why any such book, let alone so intimate a chronicle as this, is well worth reading.

THE MONTH has recently dealt with the character and career of Henry Adams, the American historian and philosopher. The crisis in that great and lovable man's life came with the death of his wife

in 1885. At the time of his engagement to her Adams informed his friend, Milnes Gaskell, that his "young female" had a very active and quick mind, was not handsome nor quite plain either, read German and Latin, "also, I fear, a little Greek, but very little," dressed badly, was quiet in manner and very open to instruction, and delighted him by her sympathy and keen sense of humour. "She rules me," he added, "as only American women rule men, and I cower before her." In *The Letters of Mrs. Henry Adams* (Longmans: 21s. n.), this accomplished and gracious lady speaks for herself, and depicts the American scene between 1865 and 1883 from the woman's angle with wit and intelligence. There are also many sidelights on foreign conditions. If the lady lived to-day she might revise her opinion on Spain in places: "The Spaniards are the most kindly, sympathetic, childlike, unpractical, incapable, despondent people I ever saw, with a magnificent country which they are utterly unable to develop, a rotten old Church in which they don't believe . . ., a longing for a republic which they can't manage, and a lurking conviction that the Anglo-Saxon race is going to crush them out" (p. 219). This handsome well-edited volume closes with twelve diverting Appendices, in one of which Henry Adams mockingly shifts the responsibility for having written the famous anonymous novel "Democracy" on to the shoulders of various of his friends. This is delightful fun in Adams's best vein. Only after his death in 1918 was it revealed that he had written the novel himself.

Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., has given us another charming miniature study of a Saint, such as he gave us in *St. John Fisher*, in his booklet—*St. Elizabeth of Portugal* (Sheed & Ward: 2s. 6d. n.). It was during the Great War that Father Vincent first turned towards this Saint, who is patroness of Peace, and he feels that we should do well to seek her aid at the present time. At the beginning of the fourteenth century St. Elizabeth championed peace in a world only lately emerging from the barbarism of war, and, as the author suggests, she was the real cause of her adopted country's great prosperity during her husband's reign.

Although the volume of the revised, amplified and corrected "*Butler*" containing the Saints of June, deals with 145 more Lives than are to be found in the old compilation, *i.e.*, with 250 in all, Father Thurston points out in his preface that these comprise only a selection from the hagiographical sources available—a selection necessitated not only by the meagre and dubious information therein provided, but also the presence there of "phantom Saints" created by copyists' errors and otherwise. The Saints and *Beati* whose careers are recorded in this volume are those "whose claims to sanctity have either been attested by a formal pronouncement of the Holy See, or have met with definite liturgical recognition at an earlier period in response to popular acclaim." Amongst the

many lives which are particularly interesting to moderns, we may mention that of Blessed John Southworth, whose body is venerated in Westminster Cathedral, and those of the Martyrs of Uganda beatified as lately as 1920, which are of such auspicious moment for the growth of the Faith in Tropical Africa. In this, the last volume under his chief control, Father Thurston pays a generous tribute to the lady, Miss Norah Gleeson, "upon whom, in the case of the present volume as well as its four predecessors, the heaviest part of the burden has rested." It is hoped that the present year will see the triumphant end of this great enterprise.

FICTION.

In *They Come, They Go* (Faber & Faber, London: 7s. 6d.), Mrs. Winifred Peck has written a pleasant and readable story about the fortunes of a particular Rectory, describing its successive occupants from the day it was first fashioned out of the old Abbey Guest-House after the Great Pillage till it was constructed anew after the Glorious Revolution, and so on to modern times. Mrs. Peck moves with ease through the tangled religious and secular history of the period, and presents a gallery of non-Catholic types, with deep if somewhat cynical insight into the varieties of religions which sprang from the debris of the old Faith. Her method is altogether objective, yet one can see that she reverences the ideal of true Catholicism, whilst her love for children and for flowers brightens the whole narrative.

So vivid at times are the psychological and external incidents which fill the days of a young non-Catholic American girl, exposed on the one hand to a wholly pagan atmosphere, and on the other to the Catholic Faith in action, that we are led to surmise that much of the novel *Angels' Mirth* (Sheed & Ward: 7s. 6d.) is a transcript from experience. At any rate, it throws a strong light on the evils which the modern prevalence of divorce creates, and though a girl in such unhealthy surroundings would hardly have remained so innocent and unsophisticated up to the age of sixteen, still the heroine, Mary Stevens, reacts very naturally to the strange world where real Catholicism is taken for granted, and accepts finally what was never dreamt of in her previous philosophy. There is perhaps too much analysis of moods, but the tale moves pleasantly enough and ends satisfactorily. The work is from the pen of Miss Ethel Cook Eliot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A new Nativity play, *Et Homo Factus est*, by K. Ross-of-Bladensburg (B.O. & W.: 1s.), seems to us of exceptional merit, and quite easy to stage. It is composed, for the most part, of standard hymns and carols, the music of which is easily available;

these are joined together in various scenes by very happy verses spoken by succeeding actors. The play covers everything from the Annunciation to the Coming of the Kings, yet the simplest arrangement makes the same stage scenery available throughout. It seems to us that the play would find a ready welcome with any audience, whether young or old, but it would necessitate good choral singing.

If only an admirable little book—*The Egyptian Gods*, by Alan W. Shorter (Kegan Paul: 4 illustrations, 3s. 6d.)—had seen the light twenty-one years ago, it would have enabled its present reviewer to have spent his time, rummaging amongst tombs and temples, much more profitably. At that date there was no such helpful guide available. Even so, it was a glorious experience. It would be much more so now. The mythology of Egypt is so exuberant and composite that it can never be completely simplified; but the student who has lived amongst these strange deities can offer clues that save the amateur explorer from being completely lost in the labyrinth. Mr. Shorter has had, and has, fine opportunities for acquiring an inner knowledge of Egyptology: his sympathetic and receptive mind turns them all to good account. With his assistance a study that might be painfully bewildering becomes pleasantly stimulating. All the relevant facts are presented in the most orderly manner, with due regard for perspective. The fundamental ideas underlying the religion of ancient Egypt are treated in a masterly style. From start to finish *The Egyptian Gods* is essentially appetizing and satisfying. Whilst being deeply grateful for what we have received at such small cost, we distinctly "ask for more."

The author of *The Truth About Childbirth* (Kegan Paul: 10s. 6d. n.), Mr. Anthony Ludovici, writes, without any professional qualifications, on the urgent problem of maternal mortality and morbidity. Adequate discussion of such a subject is necessarily confined to medical periodicals; here we may simply note as typical of the extravagance of many of his contentions the following: "True, a good deal of the alleged pain of childbirth, in what are called 'normal' or average confinements, is probably exaggerated by the women concerned . . . for the purpose of acquiring power over their environment and particularly over their husbands." Unexpectedly, however, the reviewer, as a doctor, finds herself in agreement with Mr. Ludovici as to the danger of over-athleticism in girls, and, as a Catholic, with his vigorous condemnation of those feminists who disparage the idea of motherhood as a career in itself.

After having had an independent and very successful run nearly twenty years ago Father Henry Day's two volumes of war reminiscences—*A Cavalry Chaplain* and *Macedonian Memories*—have been combined in one volume *An Army Chaplain's War Memories*

(B.O. & W.: 5s.), which contains the cream of the others for the instruction and, indeed, the amusement of a new generation. But for the most part the record details the horrible wastage of war, and the heroism with which it was endured. The Chaplain became famous for his preference for the front trenches, when he was allowed, rather than the dressing-stations in the rear, and his survival illustrates the noted preference of Fortune. The narrative is all the more impressive for its matter-of-fact tone: but then the author does not need to use any artifices to add to the excitement of his very active service.

Since leaving the Army Father Day has rarely lost an opportunity of acting as chaplain on the troopships which regularly carry soldiers to and from India, and he has embodied the fruits of his long experience in *On a Troopship to India* (Heath Cranton: 3s. 6d. n.) now in a second revised edition. It may be described as a sort of Bædeker of the route describing not only the routine on board but the points of interest traversed with their historical associations—Cape St. Vincent, Gibraltar, the Spanish and African coastlines, etc., etc.—so that the soldiers who use it get useful educational benefits. Several Appendices convey nautical information of different kinds: there are two maps and a number of blank pages at the end for keeping a log.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

In a vigorous pamphlet Mr. Donald Attwater asks: **Why Communism gets away with It?** (Coldwell: 3d.). He assumes for the moment that it does. As far as this country is concerned, we "hae' oor douts." Its appeal is greater to certain sections of the "intelligentzia" than to the man at work; the latter has a fuller sense of the realities and thinks—well, less rapidly. Mr. Attwater does service in showing how miserably the true human and Christian values are safeguarded in the present system of industry and capitalistic control and in pointing out that mere "anti-Communism" is not enough. There are hints that his views on the Spanish situation and the use of force under certain circumstances are not our own. Finally, is it the whole truth to say that "as Christians our message and testimony are positive, not 'anti' anything." Does not devotion to truth imply defence against, even attack upon, error? If not, then many of the great Christian writers must have been gravely wrong.

An account of the Nazi Kulturkampf—**The Church Struggle in Germany** (Kulturkampf Association: 6d.)—by an English Protestant, describes with complete objectivity the course of the persecution which the Christian idea, whether embodied in the Catholic or Protestant Churches, has undergone in Germany from March,

1933, to July of the present year, not without a sympathetic glance at the Jews. A very useful record which we hope will be continued.

The Catholic Diary for 1938 (B.O. & W.: 1s.) is excellently produced as usual and the quotations which adorn each page combine "wise saws and modern instances" in an agreeable mixture. The Holidays of Obligation, as we have often remarked, should be given a typographical distinction proportionate to their importance. This defect, however, is not apparent in **The Catholic Almanack for 1938** (B.O. & W.: 2d.) a handy booklet which all practising Catholics should possess.

The pocket edition of the Douay version of **The Four Gospels** (B.O. & W.: 1s. 6d.) is nicely printed and bound and should have a wide sale during the coming "Bible" year. A little book for children named **Our Lady of the Flowers** (B.O. & W.: 1s.), is a very charming production; arranged by Egerton Clarke and delightfully illustrated by Lucy Geddes. Each flower which tradition has associated with Our Lady is pictured and explained in a way that will both instruct and please. With this we may join a booklet for the very youngest, called **The Pussy Cat of the Baby Jesus** (Sands: 1s.) wherein Sister Mary Anthony and Sister Tarcisius collaborate with pen and brush to produce a simple rhyme à la Thompson, dealing with the Divine Infant's pets.

From the C.T.S.: **Sacramentals**, by Father Dominic Devas, O.F.M., explains what these aids to grace are in a way that non-Catholics also can understand. **Saint Etheldreda**, by Elizabeth Wilcocks, gives an interesting account of this great Saxon Saint, a relic of whose hand is still preserved at the London Church of St. Etheldreda, Ely Place: **Lesson Leaflets** (junior series) for Our Lady's Catechists take us from Noah through the O.T. Patriarchs to Moses in a number of carefully digested instructions: **The Catholic Marriage Service**, by Father Thurston, traces the history of this important rite and of its variations, ending with the liturgical form itself, and the Mass appointed for the occasion.

The Catholic Mind for October 22nd is devoted to Pope Leo's Encyclical *On Christian Democracy* first issued in 1901 but as indispensable for an understanding of the subject as ever. A series of Study-Club Questions helps to make it more easily assimilated, and an extensive bibliography provides a wide choice of reading on the subject. The issue for November 8th reprints the recent Encyclical on the *Rosary* and Miss Christitch's luminous account of *The Yugoslav Concordat* from our pages.

A very attractive, plentifully-illustrated Annual, **Franciscan Missionaries of Mary in Many Lands** (Claverton Street, London: 1s.), describes in striking fashion the extensive and valuable apostolic work done by this devoted Congregation in Africa, China, India, Ceylon, S. America and other parts of the globe. They have actually under their charge eleven hospitals for lepers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

To be noticed later.

- BIBLICAL INSTITUTE, Rome.
Die Sünde der "Söhne Gottes"
 Gen. 1—4. By Gustav E. Closen,
 S.J. Pp. xvii, 258. Price, 45.00 l.
- BLOT, Paris.
Elementa Philosophiae. Tomes I
 and II. By F.-X. Marquart. Pp.
 264, 566
- BLOUD ET GAY, Paris.
Apologétique. By various authors.
 Illustrated. Pp. 1,476. Price,
 120.00 fr.
- BONNE PRESSE, Paris.
Siméon-François Berneus. By Le
 Chanoine Francis Trochu. Pp. 182.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD.,
 London.
Cardinal Merry del Val. By Mgr.
 A. Dalpiaz. Pp. vii, 272. Price,
 7s. 6d. *The Benediction Choir Book*.
 By Sir Richard Terry. Pp. 91. Price,
 5s. *Passion Flowers*. By J. Christiano.
 Pp. 133. Price, 3s. 6d. *Collected
 Poems of Francis Thompson*. Pre-
 pared by Francis Meynell. Pp. 367.
 Price, 3s. 6d. n. *History and Re-
 ligion*. By Archbishop Goodier, S.J.
 Pp. viii, 170. Price, 7s. 6d. *Brother
 Klaus*. By Maria Dutli-Rutishauser.
 Translated by E. F. Peeler. Pp. vi,
 280. Price, 7s. 6d.
- CASSELL & Co., London.
The Crisis of Civilization. By
 Hilaire Belloc. Pp. 249. Price,
 8s. 6d. n.
- CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA,
 Washington.
Ten University Theses.
- COLDWELL, London.
Christ the Leader. By W. H.
 Russell. Pp. x, 458. Price, 8s. 6d.
- DESCLÉE DE BROUWER, Paris.
Illuminations et Sécheresses. By
 various authors. Pp. 299. Price,
 20.00 fr. *Face au Devoir*. Tomes I
 and II. By G. Hoornaert, S.J. Pp.
 592, 556. Price, 50.00 fr. *Femmes
 Soviétiques*. By Hélène Iswolsky.
 Pp. 105.
- DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia.
The Considerate Priest. By William
 J. Kerby. Pp. vii, 228. Price, \$1.50.
Prophets of the Better Hope. By
 William J. Kerby. Pp. xii, 253.
 Price, \$1.50.
- FLAMMARION, Paris.
L'Eglise devant le Monde Moderne.
 By Cardinal Verdier. Pp. 47. Price,
 1.95 fr. *La Profession Parlementaire*.
 By André Tardieu. Pp. 361. Price,
 18.00 fr. *Aimer la Vie*. By Henry
 Bordeaux. Pp. 48. Price, 1.95 fr.
- HERDER & Co., Freiburg.
Critica. By J. de Vries, S.J. Pp.
 xiii, 176. Price, 3.40 rm.
- LONGMANS, London.
*St. Thomas More and English
 Literature*. By R. W. Chambers.
 Pp. vii, 125. Price, 5s. n. *Sorrow
 Built a Bridge*. By Katherine Bur-
 ton. Pp. 288. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

[Other acknowledgements unavoidably held over.]

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